

GOSPEL SONGS *for* MEN

A COLLECTION OF QUARTETS
AND CHORUSES FOR
MALE VOICES

EDITED BY
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO

Gospel Songs for Men

FOREWORD

THIS book has been compiled with careful consideration as to the need to be supplied, presenting only such songs as are tuneful, spiritual and devotional, and well adapted to the various occasions where gospel music is demanded.

The range has been kept within the compass of average male voices, yet in some instances a more pleasing effect may be secured by changing the "key" to suit available singers.

While it was the design to include only songs especially adapted for ensemble singing, a number have been admitted which may be used as Solos or Quartettes.

Phraseology, expression and tempo are indispensable elements in the success of male voice music, and we have pleasure in offering a collection of songs wherein these forces readily obtain.

Chas H. Gabriel

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1

Where He Leads Me.

W. C. Poole.

Chas H. Gabriel.

1. Where my Sav-ior leads me I will glad-ly go, Where my Sav-ior needs me
 2. Where my Sav-ior leads me I will fol-low on, Where my Sav-ior needs me
 3. Where my Sav-ior leads me, till the night is past, Till in wondrous glo-ry

in this world be-low; For he heard my prayer, gave me par-don there,
 till the fight is won; For he leads the way, guides me day by day,
 morning breaks at last; For he leads me right thro' the dark to light,

For he heard my prayer,
 For he leads the way,
 For he leads me right

CHORUS.

And I'll glad-ly go where he leads me. Where he leads me I will go,

For I love him, love him so; He has died my soul to win,

Washed a-way my ev-'ry sin, And I'll glad-ly go where he leads me.

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2

The Lighthouse.

Mart W. Zielie.

J. H. Minor.



1. When the waves of temp-ta-tion sweep o'er us, And dark-er than
2. There are reefs 'mid the calm waves, O sail-or, And dan-gers lie
3. When the voy-age is o-ver, O sail-or, We'll an-chor in



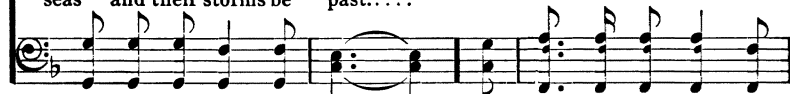
death is the night, There's a beam from the light-house, sail-or, That
hid-den from sight, But thy God is thy bea-con, sail-or, To
safe-ty at last; In the sweet by and by, O sail-or, Will



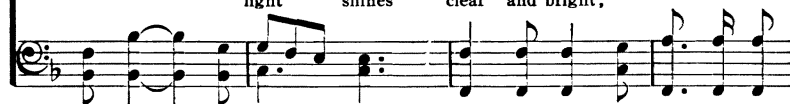
CHORUS.



gleams with un-fail-ing light....
guide in the dark-est night.... Then trust in the light-house,
seas and their storms be past....



sail-or, Its light shines clear and bright;.... For Je-sus is
light shines clear and bright;



watch-ing, O sail-or, That light thro' the storm-y night....



3

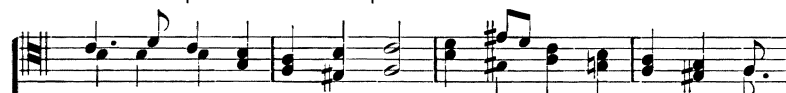
The Conquering Hero Comes.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

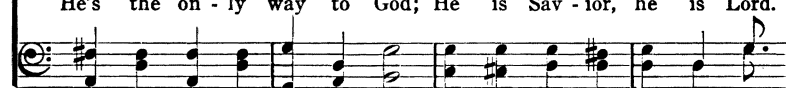
W. Stillman Martin.



1. See! the con-q'ring He-ro comes, Not with noise of fife and drums;
2. Comes to fill the world with light; Comes to give the blind their sight;
3. Comes to live with men of sin; Comes with pow'r the right to win;



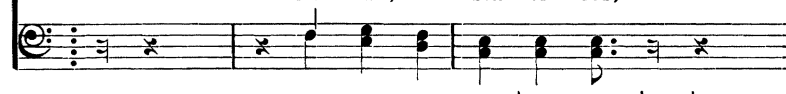
Comes to rule each heart with love, As he rules the host a-bove.
Comes to set the cap-tive free; Comes to reign e-ter-nal-ly.
He's the on-ly way to God; He is Sav-ior, he is Lord.



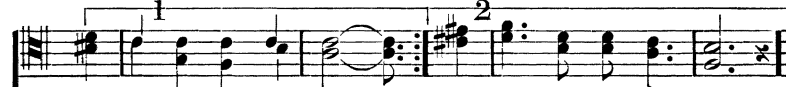
CHORUS.



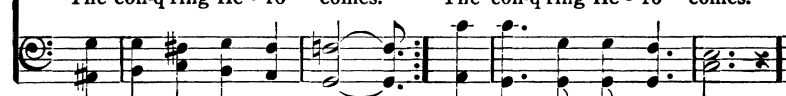
He comes, the Son of God;..... He gives the
He comes, the Son of God;



world.... his blood;.... He comes to be our Lord;
He gives the world his blood; He comes to be our Lord;



The con-q'ring He-ro comes. The con-q'ring He-ro comes.



In the Love of Christ.

Rev. L. J. Williams.

Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. In the love of Christ con - fid - ing— End-less, un-
 1. In the love..... of Christ con-fid-ing—End-less, un-
 2. All my days..... are full of pleas-ure, And my heart.....
 3. Wondrous light..... he sheds a-round me, Mak-ing plain.....

de - fined and deep— I am all se - rene a - bid - ing,
 de - fined and deep— I am all..... se - rene a - bid - ing,
 in rap - ture glows; Love di - vine,..... which naught can measure,
 the goal a - head; Since the Sav - - ior's love has found me,

CHORUS.

Know-ing he my soul will keep.
 Know-ing he..... my soul will keep. In the love of Christ re-
 Rich - est joys..... on me be-stows.
 Glo - ry bathes..... the path I tread. In the love of

joic - ing, Gold - en are the pass-ing days; I will
 Christ re - joic-ing, Gold - en are the pass-ing days; I will

nev - er cease from voicing Songs of glad - ness in his praise.
 nev - er cease from voic - ing Songs of glad-ness in his praise.....

Drifting With the Tide.

Ada Blenkhorn.

Geo. B. Holsinger.

1. Dear broth - er, on life's bil - lowy o - cean, No strong hand your
 2. You've sailed from the har - bor of safe - ty, The home - land is
 3. O why will you drift thus, my broth - er, When Je - sus your
 4. Now list to the voice of the Mas - ter! Your sins and your

ves - sel doth guide; Great dan - gers un - seen lie a - round you, As
 hid - den from sight; A - round you the tem - pest is ra - ging, To
 Pi - lot will be? He'll speak to the voice of the tem - pest And
 wan - der - ings cease; O'er life's troubled sea let him guide you To

REFRAIN.

help-less you drift with the tide...
 guide you there shineth no light... You're drift - ing, you're drift-
 qui - et the waves of the sea...
 rest in the har - bor of peace. You're drifting, you're drifting, my brother, you're

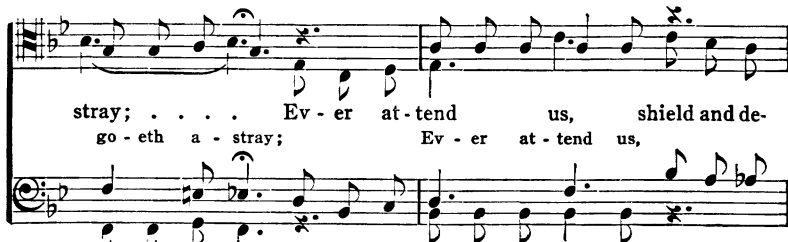
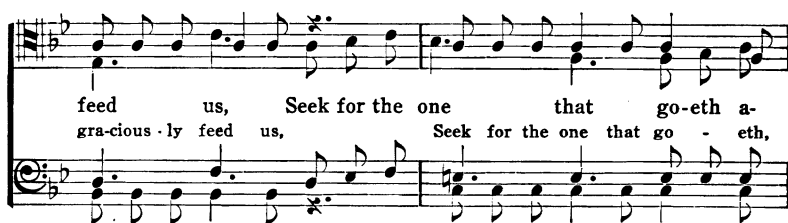
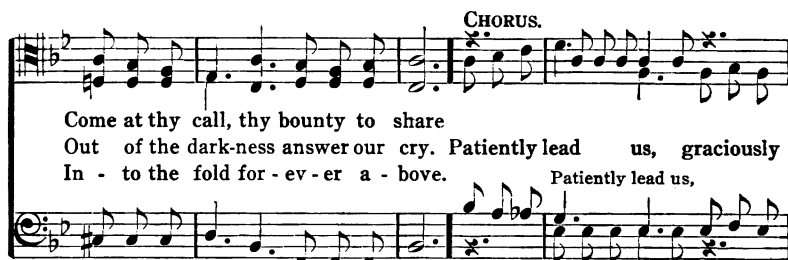
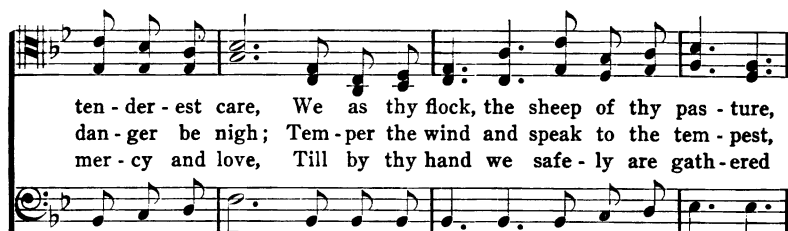
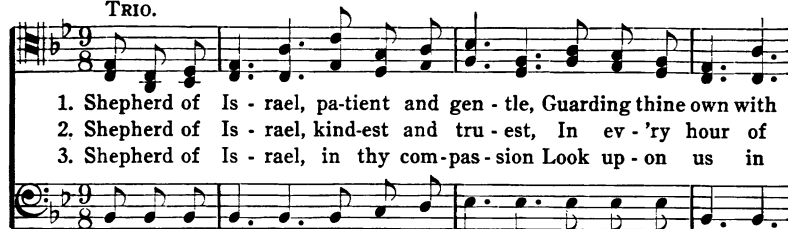
ing, No strong arm your ves - sel doth guide A - mid all the
 drift-ing, No strong arm your ves - sel, your ves - sel doth guide A - mid

dan - gers, the dan - gers a - round, You're drift-ing to death with the tide.
 dan - gers, 'mid dan - gers a - round you, You're

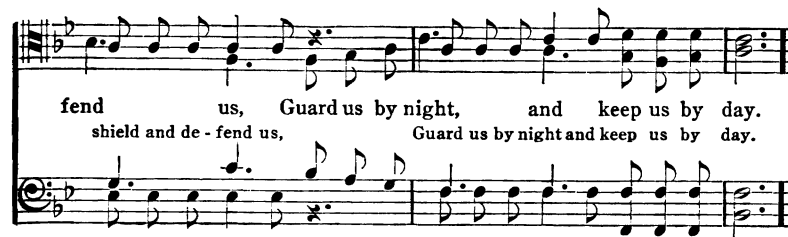
Shepherd of Israel.

Charlotte G. Homer.
TRIO.

Samuel W. Beazley.



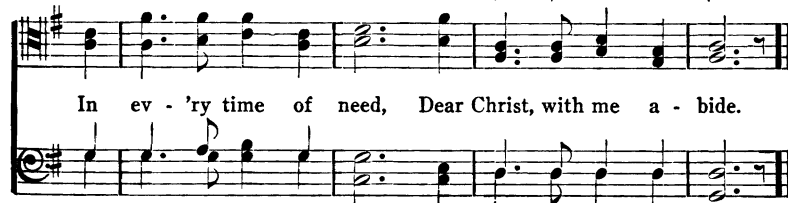
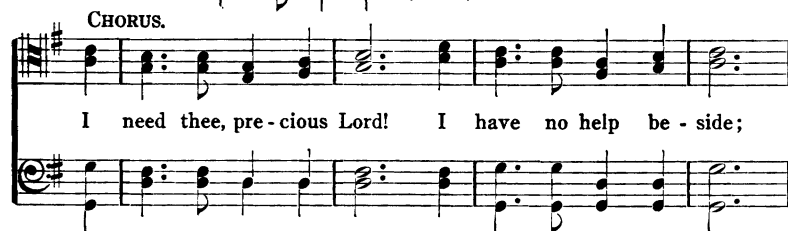
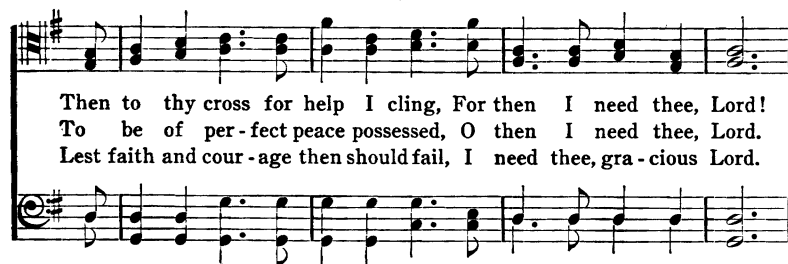
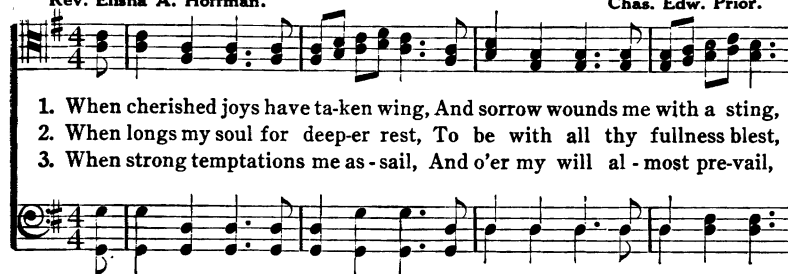
Shepherd of Israel. Concluded.



I Need Thee, Lord.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

Chas. Edw. Prior.



The Pilgrim's Song.

Mary S. B. Dana Schindler.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger;
 2. Of that cit-y to which I jour-ney,
 3. There the sun-beams are ev-er shin-ing,

I can tar-ry but a night! Do
 My Re-deem-er is the Light;..... Do not de-
 O my long-ing heart is there!..... There is no
 here in this

not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the
 tain me, for I am go-ing To where the
 sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing, Nor an-y
 coun-try, so dark and drear-y, I long have

rit. CHORUS.
 where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.
 foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing... I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a
 tears there, nor an-y dy-ing...
 wan-dered, for-lorn and wear-y.... I'm a pil-grim and a

stran-ger;... I can tar-ry but a night! I can tar-ry but a night!
 stran-ger; I can tar-ry but a night!

The Pilgrim's Song. Concluded.

Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the streamlets
 Do not de-tain me, for I'm go-ing Where the stream-lets

tempo ad lib. *rit.*
 are ev-er flow-ing, Flow-ing, flow-ing.
 are ev-er flow-ing, To where the streamlets are ev-er flow-ing.

No Shadows Yonder.

H. Bonar.

H. A. Henry.

1. No shad-ows yon-der! All is light and song; Each day I
 2. No weep-ing yon-der! All is fled a-way; While here I
 3. No part-ings yon-der! Purchased by the Lamb! All gath-er

wan-der And say, How long Shall time me sun-der From that dear
 wan-der, Each wear-y day; Sigh-ing, I pon-der My wear-y
 un-der The fade-less palm; Loud as night's thun-der Peals the glad

throng, Shall time me sun-der From that dear throng?
 way; Sigh-ing, I pon-der My wear-y way.
 psalm; Loud as night's thun-der Peals the glad psalm.

Live in Sunshine.

Katharine A. Grimes.

Ira B. Wilson.

1. This world is not a place for gloom, While sunshine lights the morning sky,
 2. This world is not a place for wrong, While God's dear hand is o - ver all;
 3. This world is not a place for tears, While Jesus comforts those who weep;
 4. This world is not a place for sin, For shame, or sor-row, or de - spair,

While blossoms store their sweet perfume For ev - 'ry one who pass-es by.
 Go meet your sor - row with a song, And nothing e - vil shall be - fall.
 Let hope and joy re-place your fears—His watchful care your ways will keep.
 While Je - sus' blood can make us clean, While he will all our burdens bear.

CHORUS.

Then let not grief your heart be - guile,..... Meet ev - 'ry
 be - guile,

troub - le with a smile;..... Are an - y sad,.....
 a smile; Are an - y sad,

go make them glad,..... And live in sun-shine all the while.
 go make them glad,

Our Savior.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. No wel-come gave a dy - ing world, It groaned with sin and
 2. The fainting heart leaps forth in joy, O'er-whelmed by love di-
 3. High o'er the din of wealth and fame, Beyond the pow'r of
 (1.) It groaned with sin and

strife; Its heart of stone..... de-spised the One Who
 vine, And glo - ri - fies..... the sa - cred cross, Where
 wings, Here stands su-preme..... the changeless Christ, The
 strife; Its heart of stone de-spised the One

came to bring it life. His break-ing heart no sol - ace knew, His
 love and mer - cy shine. Its foot-steps turn from paths of sin, And
 glo - rious King of kings. Sweet - er than sweetest mel - o - dy, Fair-

was the grief of God, When in the gar-den, as he prayed, He
 seeks God's ho - ly way; Its ev - 'rv mo-ment tells of hope To
 est of all the fair! His name, E - ter - ni - ty's A - men! His

sweat great drops of blood, He sweat great drops of blood.
 help - less souls that stray, To help - less souls that stray.
 realm, God's Ev - 'ry - where, His realm, God's Ev - 'ry - where!
 He sweat great drops of blood.

Somebody Must.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

J. S. Fearis.

1. Some one must struggle that oth-ers may win; Some one the world's bet-ter
2. Some one must car - ry the weaker one's load; Some one must blaze thro' the
3. Some one must stand in the thick of the fight; Some one must strike for the

day must bring in; Some one the work that is hard-est must do—
for - est a road; Some one must lead o'er the path that is new—
truth and the right; Some one must die for the pure and the true—

CHORUS.
Some-bod-y must, shall it be you? Some-bod-y must! Some-bod-y must!

Do then your du - ty, in God be your trust; Some - bod - y must!

Some - bod - y must! Live like a he - ro, for some - bod - y must.

Whither Bound?

David J. Beattie.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O'er life's o-cean swiftly gliding—
2. Sa - tan thy frail bark is steering—Whither bound? Whith-er bound?..
3. O'er the deep the winds are sighing—
4. Soul, awake! cease now thy dreaming— Whither bound? Whither bound?

On the foam-tipped billows rid-ing—
Un - seen dangers thou art near-ing—Whither bound? Whither bound?
Swift the wings of time are fly-ing—
O'er the surf a light is streaming— Whither bound?

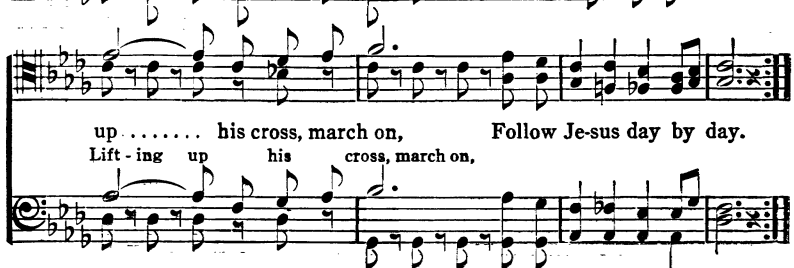
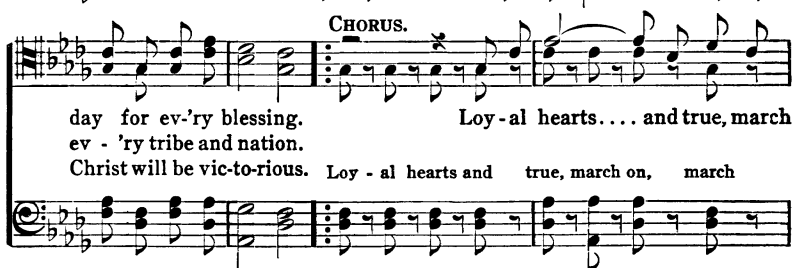
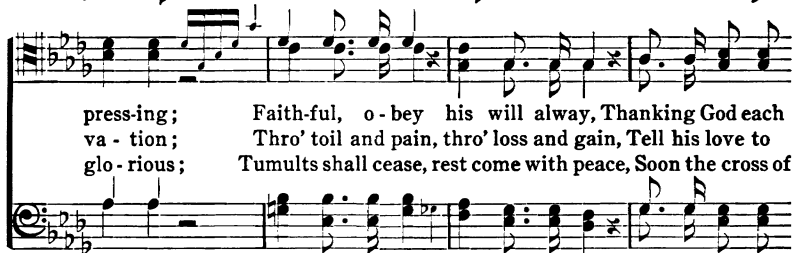
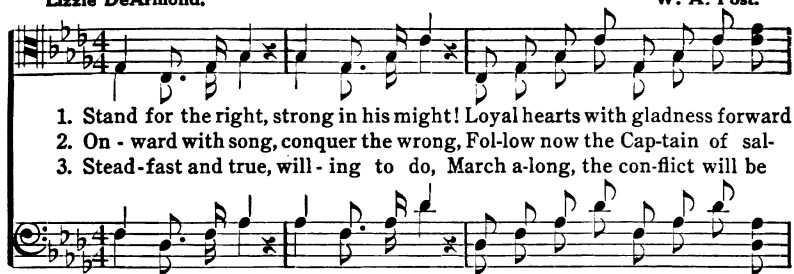
See! the storm-clouds gather near; Soon will day-light dis-ap-pear;
Borne a - way, by tempest tossed; Oh, give ear, and count the cost,
Near-er draws the closing day; Steer for home with-out de - lay;
'Tis the Lord up-on the wave, With his arms out-stretched to save;
(1.) See! the storm-clouds gather near; Soon will day - light disappear;

rit.
Dost thou not... the darkness fear?
Ere for - ev - er thou art lost— Whither bound? Whither bound?
Thou art drift - ing far a - way—
While the wa - ters louder rave— Whither bound?
Dost thou not the darkness fear?

Loyal Hearts, March On.

Lizzie DeArmond.

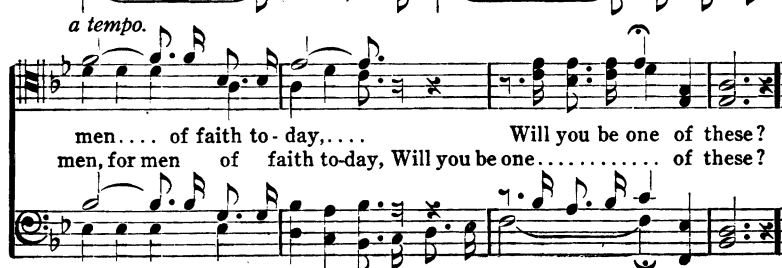
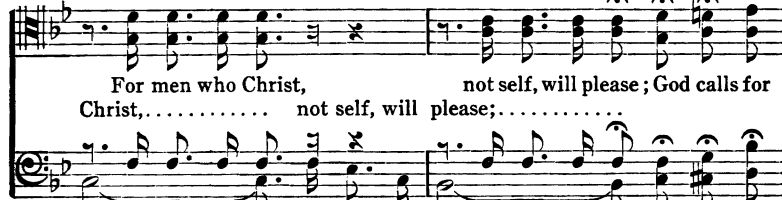
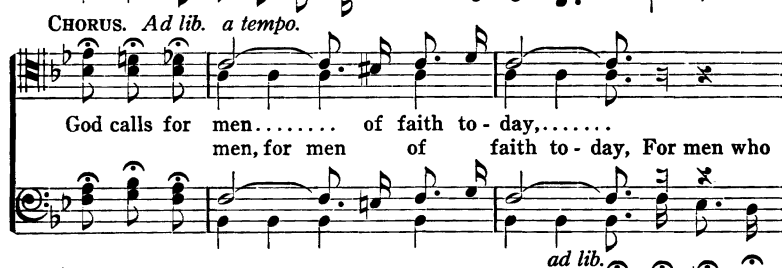
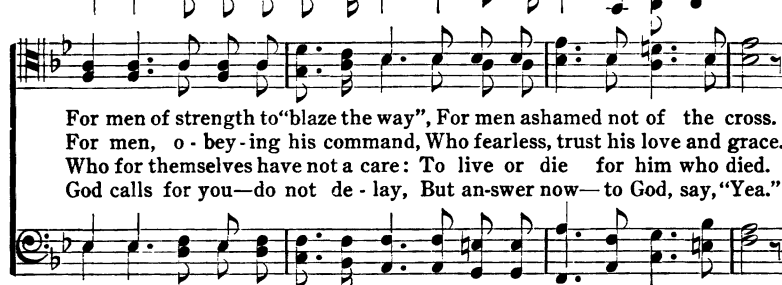
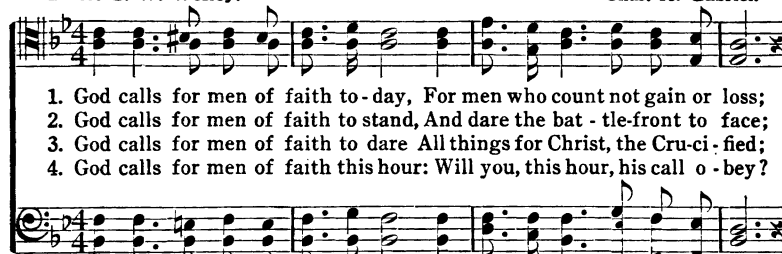
W. A. Post.



God Calls For Men.

Ernest G. W. Wesley.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



The Call For Reapers.

E. L. Thompson.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O daugh-ter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sleep, The grain is all
 2. The Lord of the har-vest is now in the field, To help all the
 3. No reap-er shall la-bor with-out a re-ward Who toils thro' the

rip-ened and read-y to reap; The dawn of the morn-ing be-
 reap-ers their sick-les to wield; O daugh-ter of Zi-on, a-
 day in the name of the Lord; O daugh-ter of Zi-on, the

speaks a bright day; O daugh-ter of Zi-on, why lon-ger de-lay?
 rise from the dust, Go forth for the Mas-ter, be true to thy trust.
 eve-ning shall come, And with it thy crown at the great Har-vest Home.

CHORUS.

Go with joy and glad-ness to the har-vest-field; Lo, the gold-en

grain a hun-dred-fold shall yield; Hear the call for reap-ers ring-ing

The Call For Reapers. Concluded.

from the sky, An-swer quick-ly, "Mas-ter, here am I."

Send the Message.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. What hast thou done with the mes-sage That oth-ers have bro't to thee,
 2. What hast thou done with the mes-sage—The mes-sage for age and youth,
 3. What hast thou done with the sto-ry? O speed it up-on its way,
 4. This I will do with the mes-sage Which oth-ers have bro't to me:

Down thro' the years since the Sav-ior Came with it to Cal-va-ry?
 The mes-sage of great sal-va-tion, The mes-sage of love and truth?
 That Christ is call-ing for sin-ners, Wher-ev-er they be a-stray.
 I'll send it to oth-ers wait-ing, Wher-ev-er a-stray they be.

CHORUS.

Send the message, ring it clear! Send the message, far and near! Send the message

of sal-va-tion Over ev'ry land and nation, Till the whole wide world shall hear.

18 The Flag of the Free.

Marian W. Hubbard.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Dear flag of our coun-try, the em-blem of free-dom, Fling out thy broad
2. No hand that is a-lien shall drag down thy col-ors; We hold thee a-

folds o'er the land and the sea! Let thy stars, em-blem-at-ic, gleam
loft that the whole world may see That the star-span-gled ban-ner shields

from the blue az-ure, And thy stars float o'er freemen both loy-al to thee!
not the op-press-or, But is now and for-ev-er the flag of the free.

CHORUS.

Then wave it a-loft, our star-span-gled ban-ner, And fling out its

folds o-ver land and o'er sea! May the ea-gle of vic-to-ry

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The Flag of the Free. Concluded.

rit.
perch on its standard, And our homes rest secure 'neath the flag of the free!

19

Quit You Like Men.

E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Be strong to toil in the vine-yard wide, And in the serv-ice of Christ a-bide;
2. Be strong to take up your dai-ly cross, And bear for Christ any pain or loss,
3. Be strong to bat-tle a-against all sin, The foes without and the foes within;
4. Be brave and faithful, and courage take; Never, no, nev-er your Lord forsake;

A rich re-ward you at last shall win, When all the sheaves shall be gathered in.
Un-til, the bur-dens of life laid down, Je-sus shall give you a fadeless crown.
Conquer by faith in the cleansing blood, Conquer the world by the help of God.
Fight till the conflict on earth is done; Fight till the vic-t'ry thro' Christ is won.

CHORUS.

Quit you like men, be strong!.. The fight may be fierce and long,..... But
be strong! ver-y long,

in God's strength we shall win at length; Then quit you like men, be strong!
be strong!

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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CHORUS.

I want to be there,..... I want to be there!..... The
I want to be there, I want to be there!

Sav-ior has promised a place to prepare For all who in love..... His com-
For all who in love

mand-ments o-bey,..... And faithfully follow him all the way.
His commandments obey.

Only a Child.

H. A. Henry.

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Only One Step.

F. E. B.

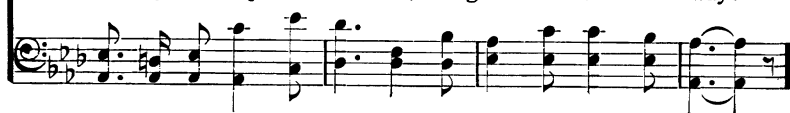
F. E. Belden.



1. On - ly one step to Je - sus, From dark-ness in - to light;
2. On - ly one step to Je - sus, From self with all its pride;
3. On - ly one step to Je - sus, From death for-ev - er - more;
4. On - ly one step to Je - sus; The Spir - it calls to - day:

Melody in Baritone.

On - ly one step to Je - sus, From weak-ness in - to might.
 On - ly one step to Je - sus, The meek One cru - ci - fied.
 On - ly one step to Je - sus, On life's im-mor - tal shore.
 On - ly one step to Je - sus, O grieve him not a - way!



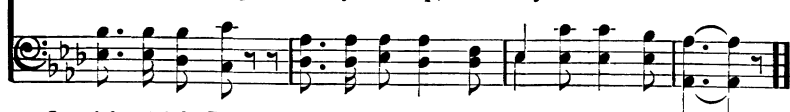
CHORUS.



On - ly one step, on - ly one step; That is not far to Je - sus!



On - ly one step, on - ly one step; Then why not take it now?

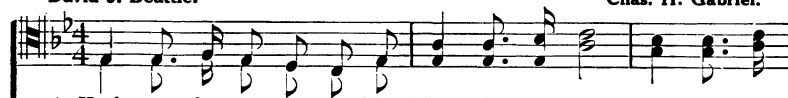


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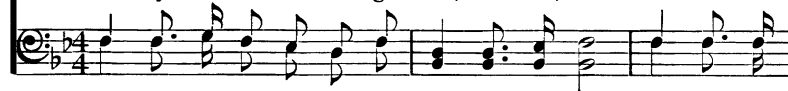
On to the Fight.

David J. Beattie.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Hark to the trump-et sound-ing! Sol - dier, a - wake! Light o'er the
2. On comes the might-y ar - my, armed for the fray! Sa - tan is
3. Fierce-ly the bat-tle ra - ges! On, sol-dier, on! Sheathe not the



land is steal-ing, morn-ing will break; On to the bat-tle, sol-dier!
 lead-ing, and his co - horts o - bey! Stand! firm-ly stand for Je - sus,
 sword un-til the bat-tle is won; Back-ward the foe is fall-ing!

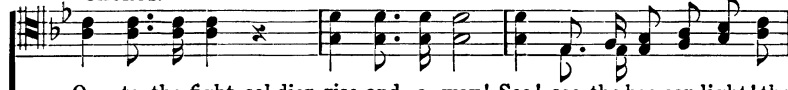


fol-low Christ the King; He shall o'er the host pre-vail and vic - to - ry bring.
 he is ev - er near; His al-might-y arm prevai-leth, cheer, com-rade, cheer!
 vic-t'ry draw-eth nigh! Let the conq'ror's mighty shout ascend to the sky.



D. S.—'Neath the ban-ner of the cross we'll con-quer the foe.

CHORUS.



On to the fight, sol-dier, rise and a - way! See! see the bea-con light! the



sum-mons o - bey! Strong-holds of Sa-tan faith and works shall o-ver-throw,

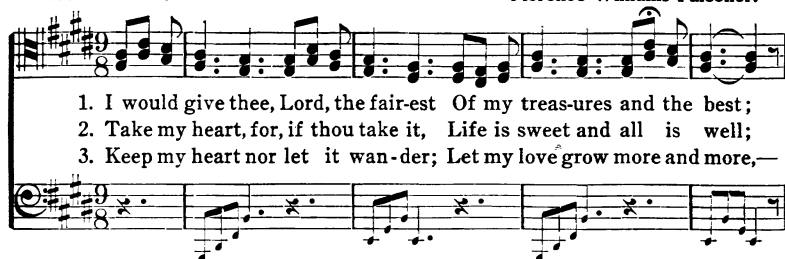


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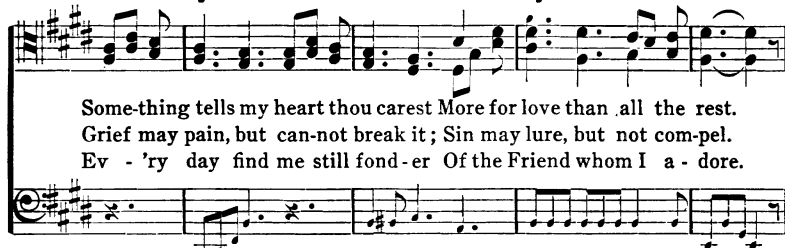
I Would Give My Love.

W. C. Martin.

Florence Williams Falconer.



1. I would give thee, Lord, the fair-est Of my treas-ures and the best;
2. Take my heart, for, if thou take it, Life is sweet and all is well;
3. Keep my heart nor let it wan-der; Let my love grow more and more,—

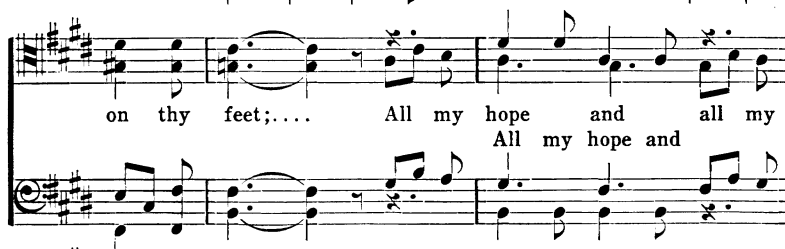


Some-thing tells my heart thou carest More for love than all the rest.
Grief may pain, but can-not break it; Sin may lure, but not com-pel.
Ev - 'ry day find me still fond-er Of the Friend whom I a - dore.

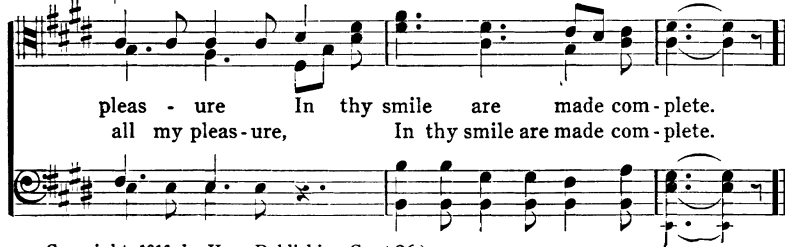
CHORUS.



Let me pour my sweet-est treas - ure On thy head and
Melody.



on thy feet;.... All my hope and all my
All my hope and



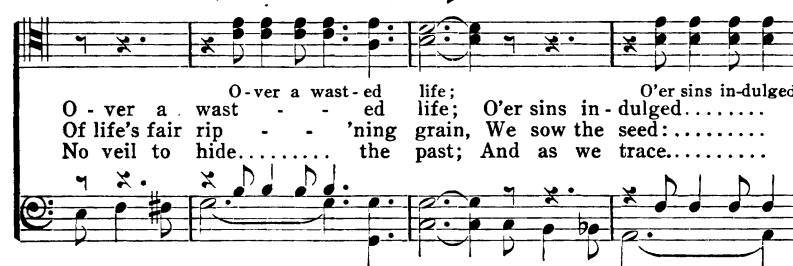
pleas - ure In thy smile are made com - plete.
all my pleas-ure, In thy smile are made com - plete.

Nothing But Leaves!

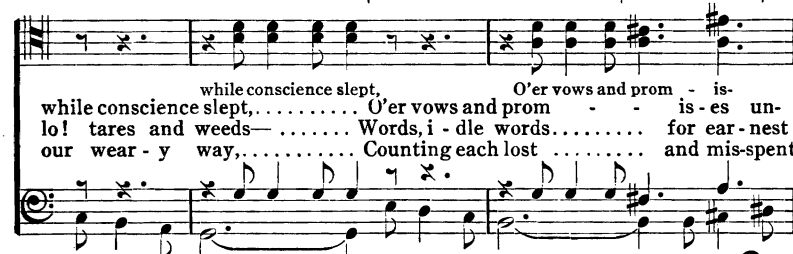
Chas. H. Gabriel.



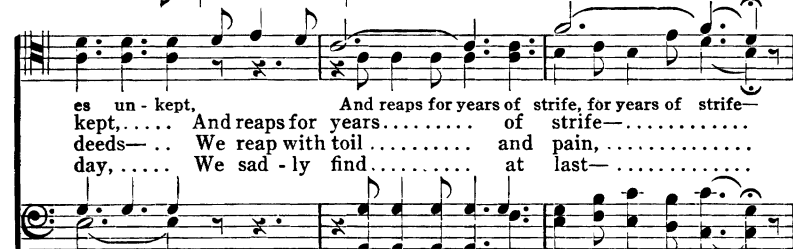
1. Noth-ing but leaves!..... The Spir - it grieves.....
2. Noth-ing but leaves!..... To gath - er sheaves.....
3. Noth-ing but leaves!..... Sad mem - 'ry weaves.....



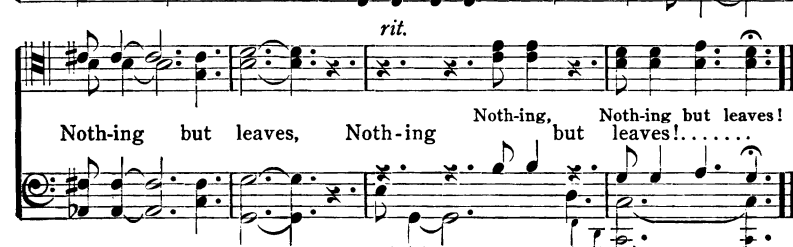
O - ver a wast - ed life; O'er sins in-dulged.....
Of life's fair rip - ed life; O'er sins in-dulged.....
No veil to hide..... 'ning grain, We sow the seed:.....
the past; And as we trace.....



while conscience slept, O'er vows and prom - is -
while conscience slept,..... O'er vows and prom - is - es un-
lo! tares and weeds..... Words, i - dle words..... for ear - nest
our wear - y way,..... Counting each lost and mis-spent



es un - kept, And reaps for years of strife, for years of strife—
kept,.... And reaps for years..... of strife.....
deeds—.. We reap with toil and pain,.....
day,.... We sad - ly find..... at last.....



rit.
Noth-ing but leaves, Noth-ing Noth-ing, but leaves!.....
Noth-ing but leaves, Noth-ing but leaves!.....

Glorious Pathway.

Rev. R. H. McDaniel.

H. A. Henry.

1. I'll walk in the path-way that Je-sus hath trod; It lead-eth from
 2. No e-vil can harm me while walking this way, For Je-sus doth
 3. I'll walk in this path-way what-ev-er be-tide, For Je-sus is

earth to the Cit-y of God, The light of the gos-pel il-
 lead me and keep me each day, And grace all-suf-fi-cient He's
 with me and walks by my side; And when I shall come to the

lu-mines the way, And gives me a fore-taste of heav-en-ly day.
 promised to give, Un-til He shall call me in glo-ry to live.
 end of the way, He'll take me to dwell in the bright realms of day.

CHORUS.

Oh, glo-ri-ous pathway that Jesus hath trod, That lead-eth from
 Oh, glo-ri-ous path-way that Je-sus hath trod, That leadeth from earth

earth to the Cit-y of God; I'll walk..... in this path-way what-
 to the Cit-y of God; I'll walk in this path-way what-

Glorious Pathway. Concluded.

ev-er be-tide, With heav-en be-fore me and Christ by my side.
 With heav-en be-fore me and Christ by my side.

Who is Your Captain?

Jennie P. Ames.

C. D. Emerson.

1. Who is your cap-tain, broth-er, The cap-tain of your soul?
 2. Where are you go-ing, broth-er? Life's race is swift-ly run;
 3. Does earth-ly gain al-lure you, And bind you to its wheel?
 4. The Cap-tain of Sal-va-tion Yet stands and gen-tly pleads;

Who leads the way be-fore you? Is life or death your goal?
 Whose ban-ner floats a-bove you, As sinks the west-ern sun?
 Take Christ as Lord and Mas-ter, To him con-trite-ly kneel.
 O yield to him al-le-giance, And fol-low where he leads.

CHORUS.

Who is your cap-tain, broth-er? Whose will do you o-bey?
 do you o-bey?

To whom you yield o-be-dience, His man are you to-day!

Christ or Barabbas?

Maude Frazer.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Melody in 2d Tenor. All other voices may hum instead of sing.

1. See the pa-tient Sav-ior stand Now at Pi-late's throne for trial;
2. O my soul, what sin is thine, God's sal-va-tion to neg-lect!
3. Ne'er the tempt-er's voice be-lieve; Sin can bring to thee no joy;

Hear the mob his death de-mand, And his ho-ly name re-vile.
Wilt thou turn from love di-vine And e-ter-nal life re-ject?
All thy hopes it will de-ceive, And thy soul at last de-destroy.

"One, by law, may par-doned be," They are told, then hear the cry—
Hear thy Sav-ior's voice so kind; From thy love of sin de-part;
Let thy Sav-ior live in thee; Yield thy-self un-to his love;

"Let Ba-rab-bas be set free, But this Je-sus cru-ci-fy!"
Thou canst nev-er, nev-er find Room for both with-in thy heart.
He thy constant Friend will be,— Safe-ly guide to heav'n a-bove.

CHORUS. *Faster.*
O soul of mine, make choice to-day—Christ, or sin? 'tis thine to say!
Christ, or sin? 'tis thine to say!

Christ or Barabbas? Concluded.

In thine heart must one a-bide; Let not Christ be cru-ci-fied!

There's Only One.

N.

James McGranahan.

1. There's on-ly One whose pit-y falls Like dew up-on the wounded heart;
2. There's on-ly One who is not harsh, But ten-der-ness it-self, to all;
3. There's on-ly One who can sup-port, And who suf-fi-cient grace can give
4. O bless-ed Jesus, Friend of friends, Come, hide us'neath thy shelt'ring arm;
5. Thou art the One, the on-ly One, For whom no love too warm can flow;

There's on-ly One who nev-er stirs, Tho' en-e-my and friend de-part.
There's on-ly One who knows each heart, And listens to its faint-est call.
To bear up un-der ev-'ry grief, And spot-less in this world to live.
Come down a-mid this wick-ed world, And keep us from its guilt and harm.
Thou art the One, the on-ly One, Who giv-eth per-fect rest be-low.

D. S.—There's on-ly One, there's on-ly One Can give us peace and per-fect rest.

CHORUS. D. S.
There's on-ly One, there's on-ly One Can make us ev-er tru-ly blest;

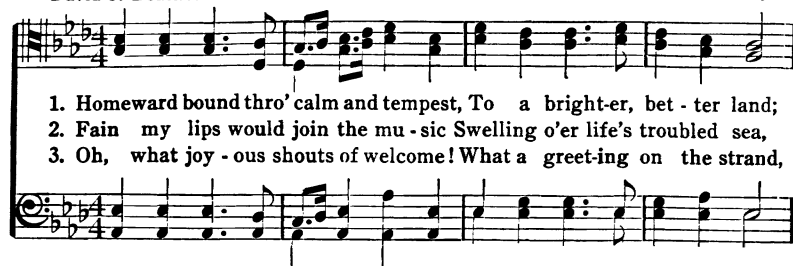
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No. 30.

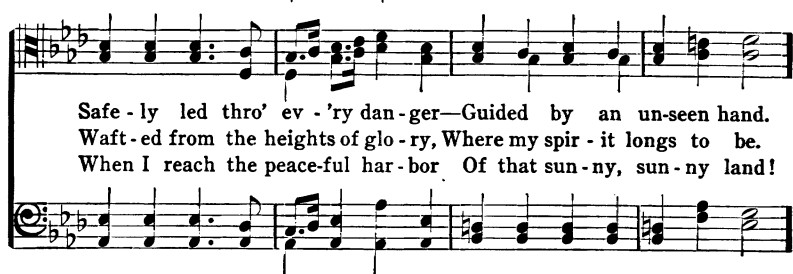
Homeward Bound.

David J. Beattie.

J. C. Williams.

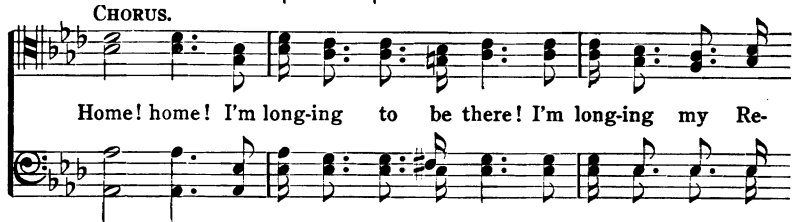


1. Homeward bound thro' calm and tempest, To a bright-er, bet-ter land;
2. Fain my lips would join the mu-sic Swelling o'er life's troubled sea,
3. Oh, what joy-ous shouts of welcome! What a greet-ing on the strand,



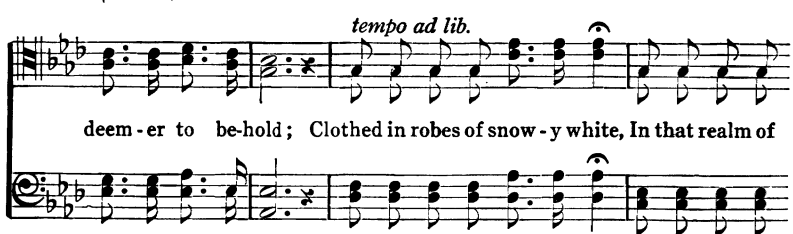
Safe-ly led thro' ev-'ry dan-ger—Guided by an un-seen hand.
Waft-ed from the heights of glo-ry, Where my spir-it longs to be.
When I reach the peace-ful har-bor Of that sun-ny, sun-ny land!

CHORUS.



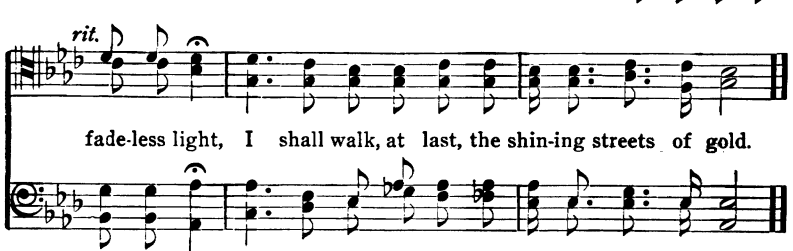
Home! home! I'm long-ing to be there! I'm long-ing my Re-

tempo ad lib.



deem-er to be-hold; Clothed in robes of snow-y white, In that realm of

rit.



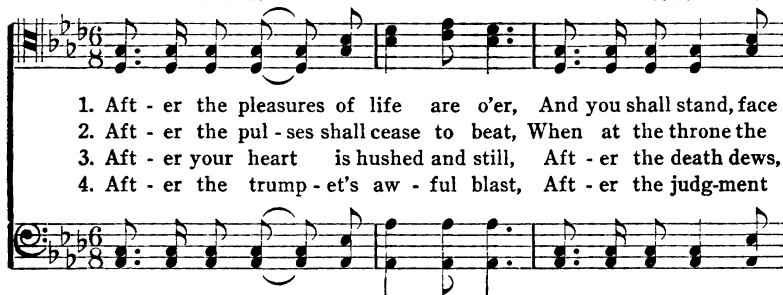
fade-less light, I shall walk, at last, the shin-ing streets of gold.

No. 31.

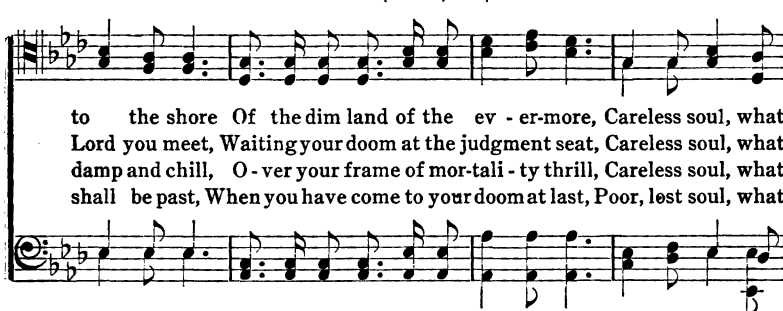
What Then?

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

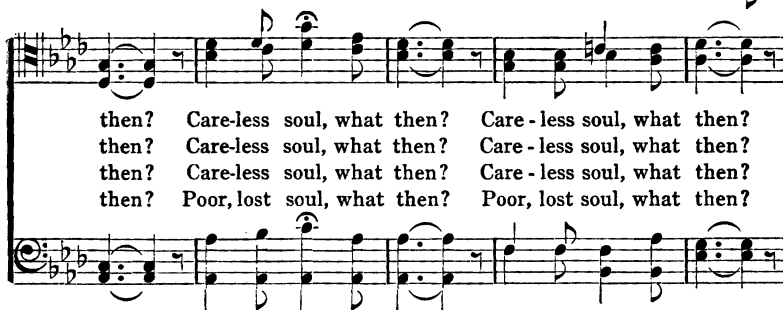
W. S. Nickle.



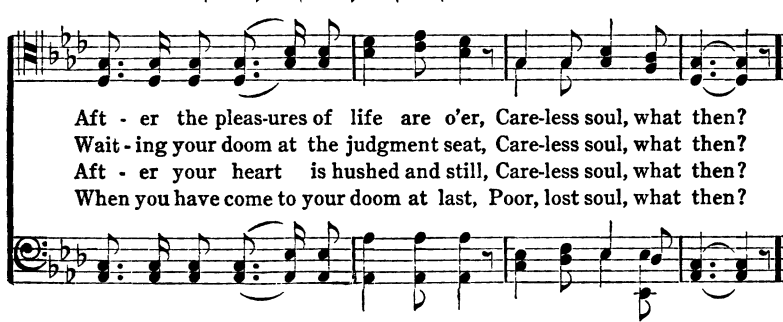
1. Aft-er the pleasures of life are o'er, And you shall stand, face
2. Aft-er the pul-ses shall cease to beat, When at the throne the
3. Aft-er your heart is hushed and still, Aft-er the death dew,
4. Aft-er the trump-et's aw-ful blast, Aft-er the judg-ment



to the shore Of the dim land of the ev-er-more, Careless soul, what
Lord you meet, Waiting your doom at the judgment seat, Careless soul, what
damp and chill, O-ver your frame of mor-tali-ty thrill, Careless soul, what
shall be past, When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost soul, what



then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
then? Poor, lost soul, what then? Poor, lost soul, what then?



Aft-er the pleas-ures of life are o'er, Care-less soul, what then?
Wait-ing your doom at the judgment seat, Care-less soul, what then?
Aft-er your heart is hushed and still, Care-less soul, what then?
When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost soul, what then?

How Shall I Know?

Mrs. Annie B. Newbegin.

(SOLO.)

Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

Prelude.

BARITONE. *

1. How shall I know that thou art near To guide my steps, to hear my voice,
2. How shall I feel with-in my soul Thy love that breathes thro' pain and tears,
3. I wait thy call! It mat-ters not What path I tread, or rough the way,

To quell life's tem-pest in my soul, And bid my soul re-joice?
Gives free-dom to the bur-dened one—A calm that soothes my fears?
In val-ley or on hill-side steep, Or chill of win-ter's day.

REFRAIN.

O give me light, clear, pure and bright, Thro' darkest hour, and perfect day,

That I sink not up-on the sands, And lose my way, thy way.....

*Accompanist play right hand part as if reading from the G clef.

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Farewell: But Only For a While.

Rev. R. H. McDaniel.

H. A. Henry.

1. We meet in lov-ing sym-pa-thy, With those who mourn to-day;
2. 'Tis hard to part from one so dear, But while our hearts are pained,
3. By faith we see the hap-py soul A-mid the ran-somed band,
4. Oh, look to Je-sus, mourning ones, He'll give you com-fort sweet,

And with them to their dear-ly loved, The last good-bye to say.
'Tis sweet to think the dear-ly loved A crown of life has gained.
And beck-'ning now the loved ones here, To come to that fair land.
And some blest day He'll take you home, Your loved one there to meet.

CHORUS.

Fare-well!..... but on-ly for a while, The
Fare-well!

time is draw-ing nigh, When we shall meet.....
The time When we shall meet

in yon bright clime, No more to say good-bye, good-bye.

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O Gift Divine.

Geo. O. Webster.
SOLO, OR DUET.

Ira B. Wilson.

1. O gift di-vine, God's boundless love re-veal-ing To ev-'ry
2. O won-drous love, pro-claimed in song and sto-ry, So full, so
3. Glad songs em-ploy to speak thy Sav-ior's prais-es, This gift di-

lost and stray-ing child of earth,... O heart of mine, o'er
free, to all the sons of earth,... From heav'n a-bove, from
vine of more than price-less worth;... In strains of joy my

ev-'ry chord comes steal-ing The glad-ness born at Je-sus' birth.
throne of bright-est glo-ry, Glad hope was born at Je-sus' birth.
heart its song up-raises, A song of joy for Je-sus' birth.

CHORUS.

O heart of mine,..... this gift di-vine.....
O heart of mine, this gift di-vine

Is pledge of love un-told;.... Break forth in song,.....
Break forth in song,

O Gift Divine. Concluded.

and speed a-long, The sto-ry sweet and old.
and speed a-long,

Mine the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Chas. H. Marsh.

DUET. Other voices ad lib.

1. Mine the cross and thine the glo-ry, On-ly this my boast shall be;
2. Mine to brave the world's temptations, Mine the robe of scorn to wear;
3. Trust-ing on, O lov-ing Sav-ior, Leav-ing all I fol-low thee;
1. Mine the cross and thine the glo-ry, On-ly this my boast shall be;

From the law thou hast de-liv-ered, And thy grace hath made me free.
Yet I count it joy and glad-ness For thy sake to do or dare.
To the end if I am faith-ful, There's a crown laid up for me.
From the law thou hast de-liv-ered, And thy grace hath made me free.

CHORUS.

Mine the cross and thine the glo-ry, Bless-ed cross to which I cling;
Mine the cross and thine the glo-ry, Bless-ed cross to which I cling;

In its shad-ow I am rest-ing, Cross of Christ, my Lord and King.
In its shad-ow I am rest-ing, Cross of Christ, my Lord and King.

Trust in God and Persevere.

Arr. by Jennie Ree.

Carl Fischer.

1. Chris-tian, is life's morn-ing cloud-ed, Has thy sun
 1. Chris-tian, is..... life's morn-ing cloud-ed, Has thy sun
 2. Chris-tian, has..... life's hope re-ced-ed, Hast thou sought.....
 3. Chris-tian, there's.... a qui-et slum-ber Wait-ing for.....

light ceased to shine? Is the earth in dark-ness shroud-ed,
 light ceased to shine? Is the earth..... in darkness shrouded, Wouldst thou
 its joys in vain? Friends proved false... when most-ly need-ed, Foes re-
 thee in the grave; There is, too,..... a glo-rious num-ber Christ in

Wouldst thou at thy lot re-pine? Look a-bove thee, let thy
 at..... thy lot re-pine? Look a-bove..... thee, let thy
 joic-ing at thy pain? Cheer up, for..... there is a
 mer-cy deigns to save. Wait, then, till..... life's qui-et

vi-sion Catch the light of hope so near;
 vi-sion of hope so near; of hope so near; Soon will
 bless-ing Wait-ing for..... thee, nev-er fear; Foes for-
 e-ven Clos-es 'round..... thee calm and clear; And, till

Soon will come the next tran-si-tion, Trust in God and per-se-vere.
 come..... the next tran-si-tion, Trust in God and per-se-vere.
 giv-ing, sins con-fess-ing, Trust in God and per-se-vere.
 called..... from earth to heav-en, Trust in God and per-se-vere.

Forgiveness.

Wallace I. Coburn.

J. C. Williams.

1. Oh, sweet the words..... the Sav-ior speaks,..... "Thy sins, tho'
 2. The bur-den of..... the sin, the guilt,..... Be-fore those
 3. The mer-cy shown,..... the love dis-played,..... Like rays, that
 4. Hope hears the words..... and ris-es strong;..... Love hears the
 1. Oh, sweet the words the Sav-ior speaks,

man-y, I for-give; Rise up, go forth..... in
 gra-cious words de-part; The peace of God,..... like
 shine..... from God's fair heav'n, These light the dark-en-ed
 words..... and quick o-beys, And forth they go..... to
 "Thy sins, tho' man-y, I for-give; Rise up, go forth

strength re-newed,..... And live the life..... I bid thee live."
 eve-ning's calm,..... Rests down in bless-ing on the heart.
 soul, and he..... Knows then the joy..... of one for-giv'n.
 live for him..... And, lo, the soul..... is filled with praise.
 in strength renewed, And live the life I bid thee live."

CHORUS.

O Sav-ior, thou who canst for-give, Speak now, speak the gracious word;

rit.
 Help us, that we do not for-get, But ev-er hon-or such a Lord.

Charlotte G. Homer.

E. K. Heyser.

1. "Fol-low me!" rings out to the world to - day, In a clear, commanding
 2. Tho' it be to fields that are far a - way, He should call you to re-
 3. There's a task for you, and a work for me, That no oth - er hands can
 In a clear, com-

tone; For the Lord our King, and the cause we love, There is
 pair, Fal - ter not, but go! let his will be thine, Read - y
 do; Shall we prove to him who has called us forth, I - die
 mand - ing tone;

work that must be done. He is pass - ing by, and he calls a - gain,
 be the cross to bear. Let your faith in - crease as the days go by,
 serv - ants, and un - true? His com - mand is giv'n—we have heard the call,

As he called in days of old; O a - rise, and go! he will lead the way,
 Tho' you walk thro' valleys dim; Je - sus goes be - fore you to guard and guide,
 And our la - bors shall not cease, Till with vic - to - ry we are crowned at last
 As he called in days of old;

CHORUS.
 And your mis - sion will un - fold. Fol - low on..... where he may
 Fol - low on, and trust in him.
 By the con-q'ring Prince of Peace. fol - low on,

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lead you, Tho' you may..... not un - der - stand What his
 lead you, fol - low on! Tho' you may not un - der - stand

will may be, or his need of thee, Yet be loy - al to his com - mand.

39

Morning, Noon and Evening.

F. L. Snyder.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Melody in 2d Tenor, other parts subdued.

1. { Morn - ing, noon and evening, Ev - er will I pray,
 { Guide us, great Je - ho - vah, In the heav'n - (Omit....) ly way;
 D. C. - And from fear and doubting Give me sweet re - lease.
 2. { Morn - ing, noon and evening, This my pray'r shall be,
 { Keep me, bless - ed Je - sus, Keep me close (Omit....) to thee;
 D. C. - And when dawns the morning, Fill me with thy light.
 3. { Morn - ing, noon and evening, This shall be my prayer,
 { Help me, dear - est Sav - ior, Roll on thee (Omit....) my care;
 D. C. - Now, O Lord, ac - cept me, Kneel - ing at thy throne.

1. { Ev - er will I pray,
 { In the heav'n - - (Omit....) ly way;
 D. C.
 Keep my feet from stray - ing From the paths of peace,
 An - gels, hov - er o'er me, Thro' the lone - ly night,
 Hear me, gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my plead - ing tone;

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Move Forward!

C. H. G.

Arr. by C. H. G.

1. The or-der has gone forth—"Move forward!" Gird on the armor and a-way!
2. From far and near the cry rings "Help us!" Behold, the moment is at hand
3. Be-fore thine eyes a mighty ar-my Goes marching onward to the grave;

In col-umns firm and strong advancing On to the front without de-lay.
When ev-'ry loyal Christian soldier Should hear and heed the Lord's command:
And will ye see them pressing for-ward, Nor reach a friendly hand to save,

On to the front! oh, be up and a-way! Let not the din of strife o'er-
Should hear the Lord, for he speaks to command, For Satan's strong-holds must be
Nor reach a hand to de-liv-er and save? From o'er the waters, too, comes

whelm thee; Let not the en-e-my a-larm, For lo! there go-eth on be-
ta-ken, His i-dols must be o-ver-thrown; Let ev-'ry vol-un-teer a-
ring-ing The pleading Mac-e-do-nian cry; Oh, Christian, rouse ye from thy

CHORUS.

fore thee One a-ble to de-fend from harm.
wa-ken, And make the cause of right his own. To the front, O sol-dier
slum-ber, And an-swer, "Master, here am I!"

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(42)

Move Forward! Concluded.

brave! Go, a world from sin to save! In ar-mor
on, on! on, on! In ar-mor clad, with

clad, Move on to the field, On, on,.... with-out de-lay!
sword and shield, Move forward to the bat-tle-field, On to the front with-out de-lay!

Remember Me, O Mighty One!

Joanna Kinkel.

1. When storms a-round are sweep-ing, When lone my watch I'm keep-ing,
2. When walk-ing on life's o-cean, Con-trol its rag-ing mo-tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark de-spair dis-tress-es,

'Mid fires of e-vil fall-ing, 'Mid tempt-ers' voi-ces call-ing,
When from its dan-gers shrinking, When in its dread deeps sinking,
All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,

CHORUS.

Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One! Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One!

(43)

Heaven is Home.

E. L. Thompson.

Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. Be - hold! what man - ner of love The Fa - ther on us hath be -
 2. Be - lov - ed, we now are his sons, Yet can - not tell what we shall
 3. And ev - 'ry one hav - ing this hope In him, turns a - way from all
 4. The world shall misjudge us al - way— It knows not our Mas - ter and

stowed, That we should be called his own sons And ta - ken to
 be; But if we are faith - ful till death, His beau - ti - ful
 sin; No long - ing for e - vil re - mains When Je - sus a -
 Lord— But when we have laid down its cross, His crown shall then

CHORUS.

his own a - bode!
 face we shall see.
 bid - eth with - in. Free from temp - ta - tion, from e - vil, from care;
 be our re - ward.

Free from all sor - row, all pain and de - spair; Life ev - er -

last - ing with loved ones to share; Heav'n is home, heav'n is home.

Consecration Hymn.

Francis McKinnon Morton.

H. A. Henry.

1. Our Fa - thers' God, to thee we sing Our rich - est
2. We bring our youth and all its joy, Our health and
3. We bring the la - bor of our hands, And all we
4. We bring our hearts, with all their love, To serve the

hymns of earth - ly praise, And joy - ful - ly our
 wealth thine own to be, And ask that thou wouldst
 have of learn - ing's store, The ut - most wage our
 world of hu - man need, And all our lives with

trib - ute bring, The strength and serv - ice of our days,
 all em - ploy, To bring the world at last to thee,
 skill com - mands, And con - se - crate it ev - er - more,
 joy to prove The beau - ty of our Gos - pel's creed,

And pledge our love, our love, and our love and loy - al - ty
 And pledge our love, and loy - al - ty

To live To live for Christ, e - ter for Christ e - ter - nal - ly!
 e - ter nal - ly!

E. L. Thompson.

Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. A sound in the tops of the mul-ber-ry trees Gives warn-ing to
 2. King Al-cho-hol knows that his doom is now sealed; The ar-my is
 3. All for-ces of e-vil, tho' boast-ful and strong, Shall be o-ver-
 4. The times call for men who have cour-age to face The de-mons of

those who are rest-ing at ease; The sign on the clouds, and the
 form-ing that nev-er shall yield Till earth shall be free from the
 thrown—and the time is not long; The hosts of the Lord are in
 vice who have ru-ined our race; To lift up the fall-en, and

light in the sky, Por-tend that the tri-umph of Je-sus is nigh!
 pow-er of rum, And Je-sus in glo-ri-ous tri-umph has come.
 bat-tle ar-ray,—The tri-umph of Je-sus is not far a-way.
 help them to stand Till Je-sus shall tri-umph in ev-'ry land.

CHORUS.

The cross shall be plant-ed on ev-'ry strand; Its light shall yet

light-en the ut-ter-most land! Oh, ral-ly a-round it, ye

sons of the King, And help us the tri-umph of Je-sus to bring.

Wulfer.

A. O. Oliver.

E-ter-ni-ty! E-ter-ni-ty! How long thou art, e-ter-ni-ty!

1. And yet to thee time hastes a-way, Like as the war-horse to the fray;
 2. For e'en as in a per-fect sphere, End nor be-gin-ning can ap-pear,
 3. As long as God is God, so long Lin-ger the pains of hell and wrong,

Or swift as cou-riers home-ward go, Or ships to port, or shaft from bow.
 E'en so, e-ter-ni-ty in thee, En-trance nor ex-it can there be.
 So long the joys of heav'n re-main; O last-ing joy! O last-ing pain!

Echo.

Pon-der, O man, E-ter-ni-ty! E-ter-ni-ty! E-ter-ni-ty!

A Place in the Ranks For You.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. A - rouse, ye Christian sol - diers, E - quip ye for the fight; Be - hold the
2. Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Go with the Spir - it's sword And hel - met
3. With aw - ful dev - as - ta - tion, Great fields are ly - ing waste, And for their

hosts of e - vil Ar - rayed a - gainst the right; The bat - tle lines are
of sal - va - tion To bat - tle for the Lord; No foe can stand be -
rec - la - ma - tion, God bids his ar - mies haste; Your strength may be but

form - ing, And o'er the hills a - far, With crash and peal in - ces - sant, Re -
fore you When thus with might arrayed; The God of hosts is with you, Then
fee - ble, Your tal - ents may be few, But in the gos - pel ar - my There

CHORUS.

sounds the din of war.
be ye not dis - mayed. There's a place in the ranks for you, . . . A
is a place for you.

There's a place in the ranks for you, A

place in the ranks for you, . . . With the brave and true who are go - ing
place in the ranks for you,

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A Place in the Ranks For You. Concluded.

thro', There's a place in the ranks for you; thro', There's a place in the ranks for you.

Safe in Jesus.

Llewellyn J. Williams.

A. O. Oliver.

1. When the might - y sea is rag - ing, There is One who knows my need;
2. Trou - bled seas can - not a - larm me, He is watch - ing ev - 'ry hour;
3. Thro' the night he keeps his vig - il, As my bark the bil - lows toss;

Lo! he comes to be my Pi - lot— Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend in - deed.
Hid - den rocks can nev - er harm me, Je - sus saves me with his pow'r.
Safe I go, for at my top - mast Gleams the glo - ry of the cross.

CHORUS.

Thro' the storm I hear him call - ing As he stills the roaring waves;
Thro' the storm I hear him call - ing As he stills the roar - ing waves;

He will guide me to the ha - ven—Jesus, Friend who hears and saves.
He will guide me to the ha - ven—

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The Penitent's Prayer.

David J. Beattie.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Thou, Lord (Thou, Lord) of this vain world of sin, (this world of sin,)
2. O love (O love) unknown, that thou shouldst shed (that thou shouldst shed)
3. Blest source (Blest source) of ev - 'ry joy thou art; (of joy thou art;)

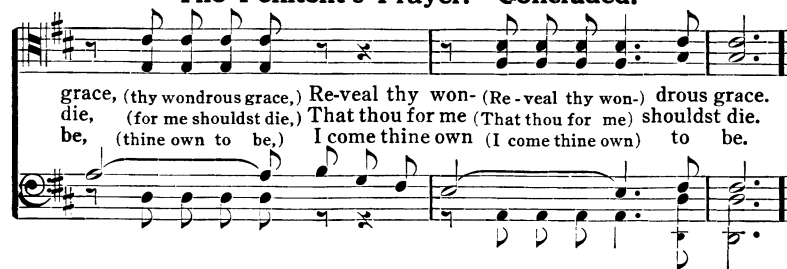
A soul (A soul) un-done doth seek thy face; (doth seek thy face;)
 Thy blood (Thy blood) for sin-ners such as I; (for such as I;)
 My - self, (My - self,) my all I yield to thee; (I yield to thee;)

No peace (No peace) have I with-out, with-in, (with-out, with-in,)
 That thou (That thou) shouldst bow thy ho - ly head, (thy ho - ly head,)
 I bring (I bring) thee but a bro - ken heart, (a bro - ken heart,)

Wilt thou not take (Wilt thou not take) a wan-d'r'er in? (a wan-d'r'er in?)
 And bear the judg- (And judgment bear) ment in my stead; (yea, in my stead;)
 O bid me not (O bid me not) from thee de-part. (from thee de-part.)

Re - veal thy grace, (Re - veal thy grace,) thy won - drous
 That thou for me, (That thou for me,) for me shouldst
 I come thine own, (I come thine own,) thine own to

The Penitent's Prayer. Concluded.



grace, (thy wondrous grace,) Re-veal thy won- (Re-veal thy won-) drous grace.
 die, (for me shouldst die,) That thou for me (That thou for me) shouldst die.
 be, (thine own to be,) I come thine own (I come thine own) to be.

49 We're On the Way to Canaan's Land.

H. G. Jackson.

W. S. Nickle.

1. From E-gypt's cru-el bond-age fled, O - be-dient to our Lord's command,
2. Thro' wil-der-ness-es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our steps a-right;
3. His pow'r the smit-ten rock controls; A crys-tal stream our need supplies;
4. In hos-tile lands we feel no fear; No foe our on-ward march can stay;
5. Ere long, the riv-er crossed, we'll meet The ransomed host at his right hand,

And by his Word and Spir-it led, We're on the way to Ca-naan's land.
 Be - hold, to prove his pres-ence here, The cloud by day, the fire by night!
 He feeds our hun-gry, faint-ing souls With dai-ly man-na from the skies.
 In ev-'ry con-flict he is near, Whose presence cheers us on the way.
 And there re-ceive a wel-come sweet From our dear Lord to Ca-naan's land.

CHORUS.

We're on the way, a pil-grim band, We're on the way to Canaan's land;

Di-vine-ly guid-ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

There They Crucified Him.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

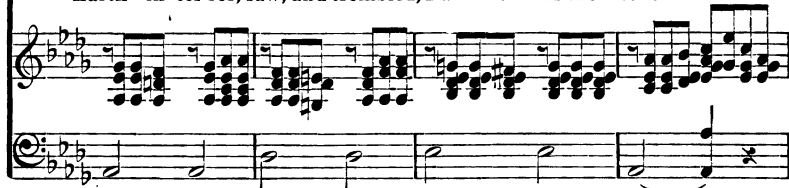


TENOR.

1. There they cru-ci-fied him, The Lamb of Cal-va-ry!
2. There they cru-ci-fied him, And mocked him in his pain,
3. There they cru-ci-fied him! The shameful deed was done!



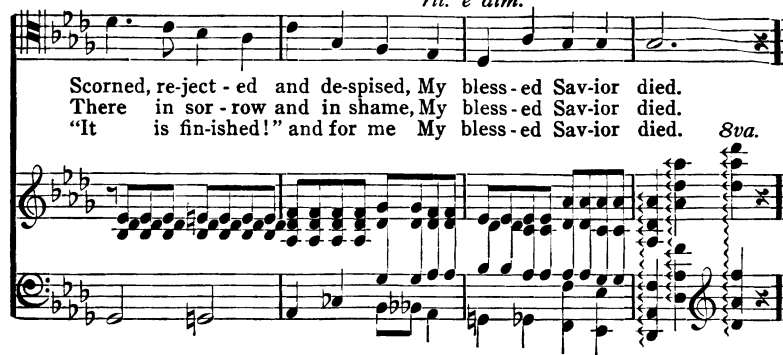
From his thorn-crowned brow the blood-drops Flowing down for me!
 Clam-ring at his ag-o-ny—This Lamb for sin-ners slain.
 Earth in ter-ror, saw, and trembled, Dark-ness hid the sun.



Fault-less One! be-hold him, Look on his wound-ed side!
 Cast-ing lots be-fore him, His gar-ments they di-vide;
 Griev-ing na-ture shud-dered When he in an-guish cried:—



There They Crucified Him. Concluded.

rit. e dim.

Scorned, re-ject-ed and de-spised, My bless-ed Sav-ior died.
 There in sor-row and in shame, My bless-ed Sav-ior died.
 "It is fin-ished!" and for me My bless-ed Sav-ior died.

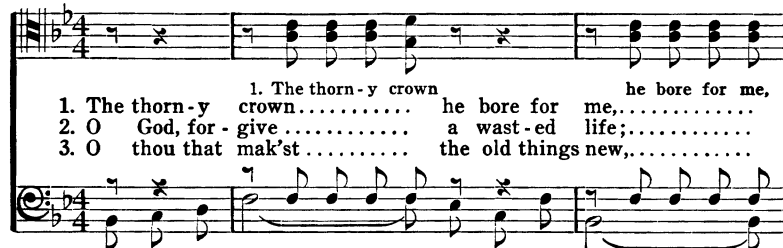
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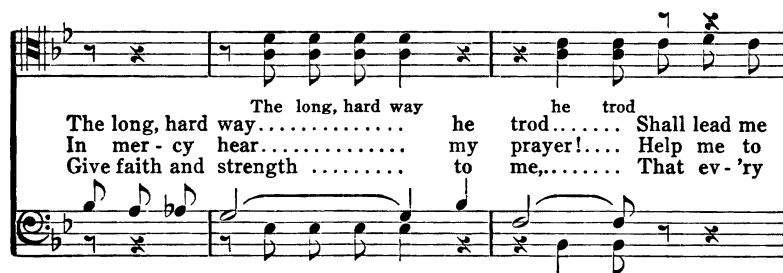
My Plea.

Edna Jaques.

J. H. Minor.



1. The thorn-y crown..... he bore for me, he bore for me,
2. O God, for-give..... a wast-ed life;.....
3. O thou that mak'st..... the old things new,.....



The long, hard way..... The long, hard way he trod..... Shall lead me
 In mer-cy hear..... my prayer!.... Help me to
 Give faith and strength..... to me,..... That ev-'ry

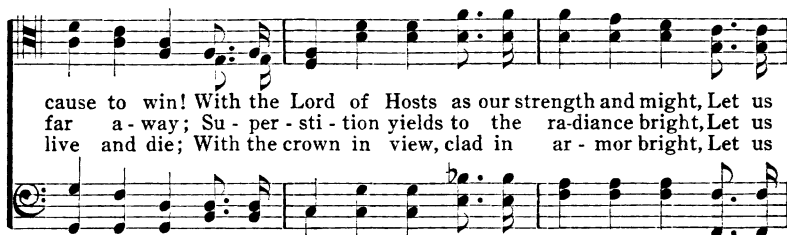
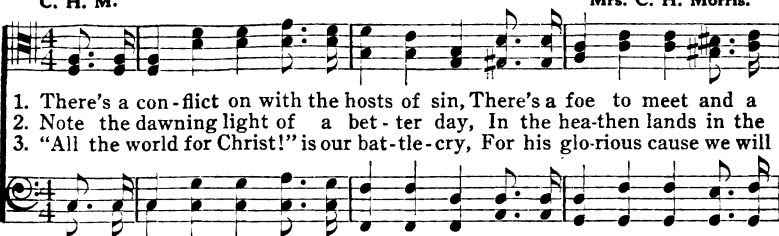


Shall lead me up..... to Cal-va-ry, In-to the arms of God.
 up..... to Cal-va-ry, In-to the arms of God.
 trust..... in bat-tle strife, And know that thou art there.
 day..... I may be true, And live a-lone for thee.

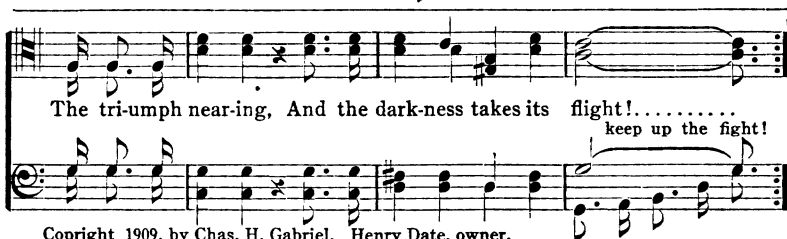
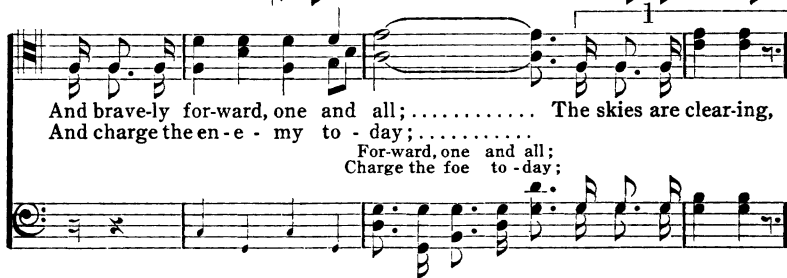
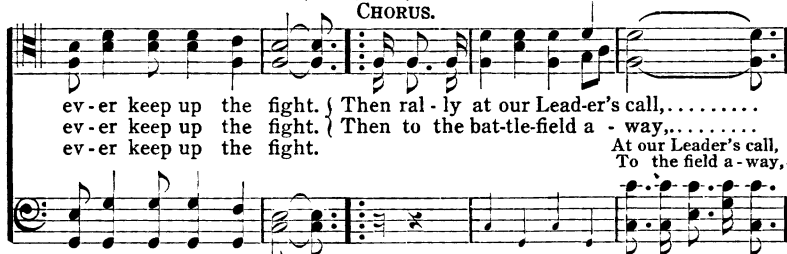
Keep Up the Fight.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

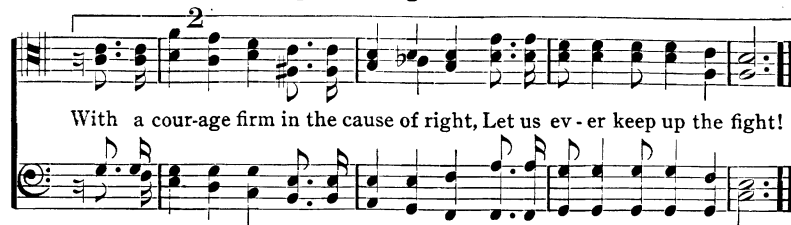


CHORUS.



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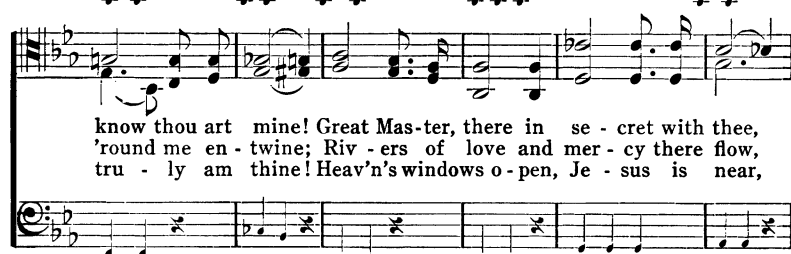
Keep Up the Fight. Concluded.



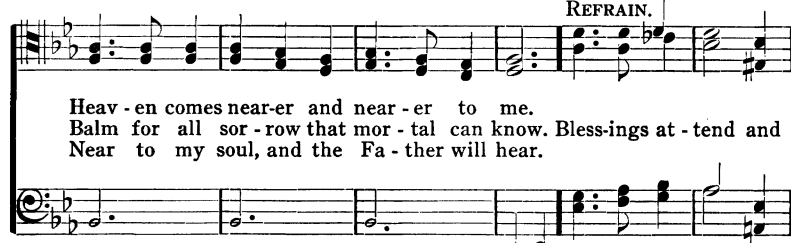
Secret Prayer.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



REFRAIN.



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Remembered.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Chas. F. Gabriel.

1. Fad-ing a - way..... like the stars of the morn-ing, Los-ing their
2. So let my name..... and my place be for-got - ten, On - ly my
3. So in the har - - vest if oth-ers may gath-er Sheaves from the

1. Fading a-way

light..... in the glo-ri-ous sun;..... So let me
life - - - race be lov-ing-ly run;..... So let me
fields..... that in spring I have sown;..... 'T will be no
Los-ing their light the glo-ri-ous sun;

steal a - way,..... gen-tly and lov-ing-ly,.....
pass a - way,..... peace-ful-ly, si-lent-ly,.....
mat-ter then..... who plowed, or sowed the seed,.....

So let me steal a - way gen-tly and lov-ing-ly,

ad lib.

On-ly re-mem-bered, On-ly remembered by what I have
On-ly re-mem-bered,.... On-ly re-mem-bered,....

done,
On-ly remembered, remembered by what I have done.....

by what I have done.

The Army of No Retreat.

H. B. Milward and E. E. Rexford.

Thoro Harris.

H. B. Milward and E. E. Rexford.
Thoro Harris.

1. The world is stirred by the pomp of war, And the glo-ry of might-y deeds,
2. 'Tis not for glo-ry or earth's ap-plause This ar-my goes forth to fight;
3. The world may never resound with praise Of this ar-my that courts not fame,

By bat-tles won, and great things done On the field where du-ty leads.
With courage born of a no-ble cause It will bat-tle for God and right.
But God writes down in his rec-ord-book Each deed and its do-er's name.

But we for-get that an ar-my treads, Each day, life's bus-y street
With Christ to lead when the bat-tle's on, It march-es with tire-less feet,
So bound to win in the war with sin, It nev-er will know de-feat,

With pur-pose strong to con-quer wrong,—The ar-my of no re-treat.
And will not halt till the vic-t'ry's won,—This ar-my of no re-treat.
But dare all things for the King of kings,—The ar-my of no re-treat.

REFRAIN.

No re-treat, no re-treat, The ar-my of no re-treat.
No re-treat, no re-treat,

Rally Round the Standard.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

W. Stillman Martin.

1. Ral - ly round the stand-ard with the hosts of God; Sing the praise and
2. Ral - ly round the stand-ard, march in God's own light, Clothed in roy - al
3. Ral - ly round the stand-ard, hold it to the world, Keep its folds of

glo - ry of our Sav-ior, Christ the Lord; An-gel-hosts are prais-ing round the
garments, putting off the works of night; Thro' our loving Sav-ior, by his
ra-diant beauty ev - er - more un - furled; Weary not with marching, heed the

throne on high; Earth, re-joyce un - til the ech-oes reach the vaulted sky.
end - less life, More than conq'ers we shall be in him who leads the strife.
bu - gle-call, Crown our liv - ing, lov-ing Sav-ior King and Lord of all.

D. S.—Sing the praise and glo - ry of our Sav-ior, Christ the Lord.

CHORUS.
Ral - ly round the standard, sol-diers of the Lord, Ral - ly round the standard,

D. S.
sing with one ac-cord; Ral - ly round the standard, with the hosts of God,

My Savior is Near Me.

Louis E. Holcomb.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My Sav - ior is near me, no harm need I fear If on - ly I
2. My Sav - ior is near me wher - ev - er I go, O'er moun-tain or
3. How sweet to the wear - y heart tempted and tried, To feel that a
4. Oh, ye who are stray-ing in un-chart-ed ways, The Sav - ior is

trust in his care; He lov - ing - ly bids me to be of good cheer,
val - ley or plain; By path-ways of glad-ness where still wa-ters flow,
Sav - ior is near, Who longs to de - fend us what-e'er may be - tide,
call - ing for you; Come now to the path-way a - light with his rays,

CHORUS.
For-get-ting my gloom and de - spair. 1. 2. 3. My Sav - - ior is
Or out on the bil - low - y main. My Sav-ior is with me, O
And bids us throw off ev - 'ry fear. 4. Yes, he..... will be
And let Je - sus pi - lot you thro'. Yes, he will be near you, O

with me, He'll save me from all of my sin, And in ev - 'ry
glo - ri - ous tho't!
near you, He'll save you from all of your sin, And in ev - 'ry
glo - ri - ous tho't!

con-flict he'll stand by my side, To help me the vic - t'ry to win.
con-flict he'll stand by your side, To help you the vic - t'ry to win.

O the Good We May Do!

E. E. Rexford.

Ira B. Wilson.

1. There are times when a word—just a friend-ly word—Makes the heart of the
 2. There are times when a smile—just a lov-ing smile—Drives the gloom from a
 3. O the good we may do as we jour-ney on, In the road lead-ing

way - far - er strong; For it tells some one cares for a com-rade's weal,
 sor - row-ing heart; So, O com-rade of mine, it is well worth while
 home, day by day; Let no chan-ces be lost for a help - ful deed,

CHORUS.

And would help as we jour-ney a - long.
 To be brave till the clouds break a-part. O the words we may speak, O the
 Or a word or a smile by the way.

help we may give, To the comrades we meet in the way! Let us scat-ter the

sun-shine of love and of hope In - to some ach-ing heart ev - 'ry day.

Forever and Forever.

David J. Beattie.

J. H. Minor.

1. Re - ject-ing soul, sad is thy lot, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er;
 2. Be - yond the grave, nought can a-vail, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er;
 3. When rent with bit-t'rest pangs of woe, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er;
 4. Thy past, in tho't shall wake a - gain, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er;

Re - mem-ber that thou di - est not, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er;
 No pow'r shall still thy ceaseless wail, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er;
 Thy tears shall then un-heed-ed flow, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er;
 Ah! mem-'ry lives in that do-main, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er;
 for-ev-er,

Sad is thy lot, thou di - est not, Sad is thy lot, thou di - est not,
 Nought can a - vail thy ceaseless wail, Nought can a-vail thy ceaseless wail,
 The pangs of woe un - heed-ed flow, The pangs of woe un-heed-ed flow,
 Shall wake a - gain in that do-main, Shall wake a-gain in that do-main,

For - ev - er, and for - ev - er, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er.
 For - ev - er, and for - ev - er, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er.
 For - ev - er, and for - ev - er, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er.
 For - ev - er, and for - ev - er, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er.

Crown Him King.

Edith S. Tillotson.

T. R. Allen.



1. Christ the Lord shall reign o'er all the realms of earth; Crown him
2. Christ the Lord shall live enthroned in ev-'ry heart; Crown him
3. Christ the Lord shall rule the kingdoms of the world; Crown him
1. Christ the Lord... shall reign o'er all the realms of earth;

King of this his vast cre-a-tion; Spread thro' lands
King o'er le-gions true and loy-al; At his word
King with songs of praise and glo-ry; While the ban-
Crown him King of this his vast cre-a-tion; Spread thro' lands...

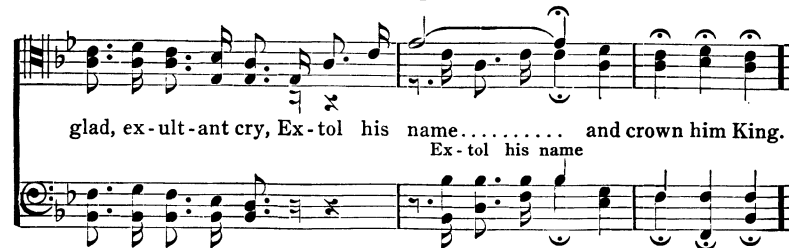
a-broad his wis-dom and his worth; Sound his praise to ev-'ry
the hosts of sin must stand a-part, O-ver-thrown by pow'r-din-
ner of the cross shines out unfurled, To pro-claim re-demp-tion's
a-broad his wis-dom and his worth; Sound his praise to ev-'ry

CHORUS.

tribe and na-tion.
vine and roy-al. Crown him King, the Lord of hosts on high, Let ev-'ry
bless-ed sto-ry.

heart... true hom-age bring;... Shout a-loud the
Let ev-'ry heart true hom-age bring;

Crown Him King. Concluded.

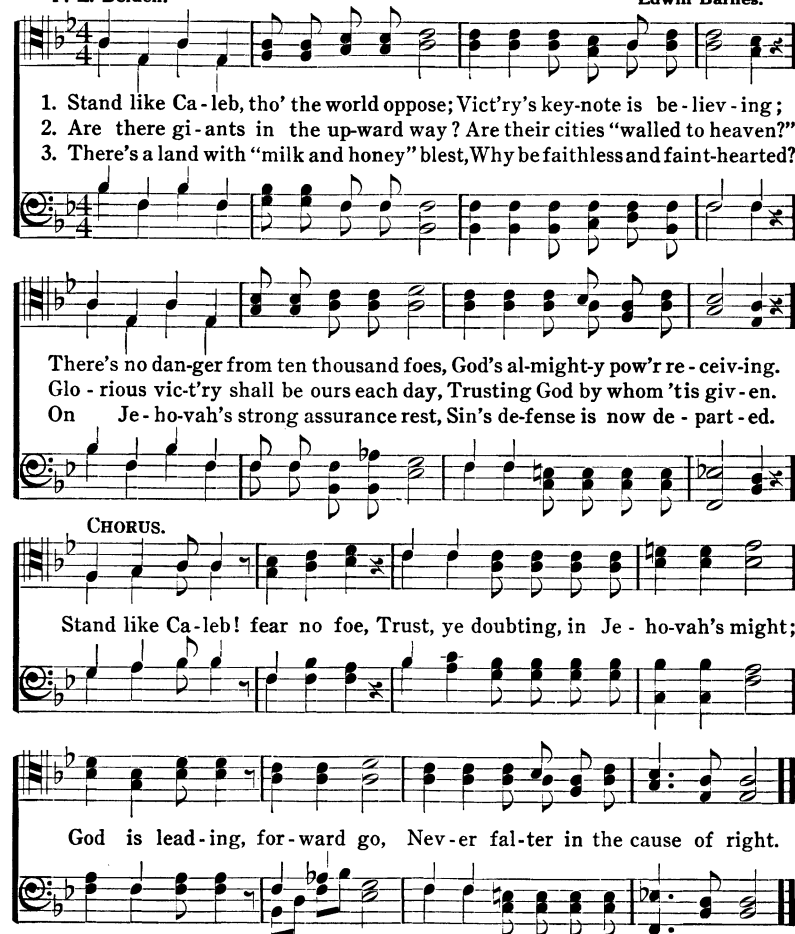


glad, ex-ult-ant cry, Ex-tol his name... and crown him King.
Ex-tol his name

Stand Like Caleb.

F. E. Belden.

Edwin Barnes.



1. Stand like Ca-leb, tho' the world oppose; Vict'ry's key-note is be-liev-ing;
2. Are there gi-ants in the up-ward way? Are their cities "walled to heaven?"
3. There's a land with "milk and honey" blest, Why be faithless and faint-hearted?

There's no dan-ger from ten thousand foes, God's al-might-y pow'r re-ceive-ing.
Glo-rious vic-t'ry shall be ours each day, Trusting God by whom 'tis giv-en.
On Je-ho-vah's strong assurance rest, Sin's de-fense is now de-part-ed.

CHORUS.

Stand like Ca-leb! fear no foe, Trust, ye doubting, in Je-ho-vah's might;

God is lead-ing, for-ward go, Nev-er fal-ter in the cause of right.

Stand Firm.

Miriam E. Arnold.

J. C. Williams.

1. Stand firm, my soul, and bear the cross for Je - sus, Your
2. Stand firm, for oth - ers to you may be look - ing; Be
3. Stand firm, thy Sav - ior passed this way be - fore thee; Earth's

Cap - tain's voice in ear - nest tones doth say: "Stand firm, be brave, tho' stead-fast, then, and you will help them stand; God's grace is prom - ised, rug - ged road his own dear feet have trod; And he hath giv'n his

oth - ers shrink and fail me, O fal - ter not, but trust, and watch and pray." free and all - suf - fi - cient; He holds thee up with his al - might - y hand. Word and bless - ed Spir - it, To lead us safe - ly to the home of God.

CHORUS.

Stand firm, the en - e - my is strong and wi - ly! Be
Stand firm, the foe is wi - ly! Be on thy

on thy guard, a - gainst the hosts of sin, stand firm! The Lord thy God hath guard a - gainst the hosts of sin, stand firm! The Lord hath

Stand Firm. Concluded.

nev - er lost a bat - tle, Look thou to him, and vic - t'ry thou shalt win.

Guide Me Ever.

W. F. Price.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Guide me ev - er, Lord Je - ho - vah, Safe - ly guide me day by day;
2. Tho' the things of earth may charm me With the pleas - ures of the day,
3. Guide me ev - er, bless - ed Spir - it, O'er the wear - y hills of life;

Let me feel thy gen - tle pres - ence As I walk the nar - row way:
With thy lov - ing arms a - round me I can nev - er, nev - er stray.
Give me strength to fight the bat - tle, Give me grace to meet the strife.
As I walk the nar - row way:

When temp - ta - tions shall as - sail me, And the way seems dark and
Tho' the storms of life may gather, With the tem - pest rag - ing
Keep me ev - er in thy serv - ice, Till my la - bors, Lord, are
When temptations shall as - sail me, And the way seems dark and

lone, Let me feel that thou art near me, Safe - ly guid - ing, lead - ing on.
wild, Rest - ing in thy lov - ing fa - vor, Naught can harm thy trusting child.
o'er, Till I reach life's gold - en sun - set, And be saved for - ev - er - more.
lone, Let me feel that thou art near me, Safe - ly guid - ing, lead - ing on.

Katharine Hayes.

H. A. Henry.

1. It costs us but a breath to say "Hel-lo!" When we meet a
 2. It may be-come your task to bear the load Of a wear-y
 3. Then do not be a-fraid you'll cheapen "self," Show-ing friend-ship

friend whose spir-its are low; Then to throw in a nod and a
 trav-ler go-ing your road; It is oft-en the tri-fles that
 from the Mag-nate to Elf; For you need the world and the

friend-ly grin—It helps to make the "whole world a-kin!"
 ban-ish care, And tri-fles you can eas-i-ly share.
 world needs you, Your smile, and song, and gump-tion, too.

CHORUS.

Just a cheer-y "Good-morning", or a bright "Hello!" Good-morning! good-morning!

good-morn-ing! Hel-lo! May set some one's world a-glow. Hel-lo!

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65 Keep Tenting Toward the Highlands.

F. E. B.

F. E. Belden.

1. Are you tent-ing on the low-lands Of the fa-ted, flow-'ry plain?
 2. Does old Sod-om in her glo-ry Beck-on you with ease or gain?
 3. To the mountains of sal-va-tion! Hear the an-gel, Mer-cy, call;

Are you near-ing life's high mountains, As the night comes on a-gain?
 Heed her aw-ful judg-ment sto-ry; Lin-ger not, her joys are vain.
 Do not tar-ry! look not back-ward! Hasten on ere venge-ance fall.

CHORUS.

Keep tent-ing tow'd the high-lands,..... Each
 Keep tent-ing tow'd the high-lands of life,

eve-ning near-er home;... Keep tent-ing tow'd the
 sweet home; Keep tent-ing tow'd the

high-lands,..... Keep tent-ing near-er home.....
 high-lands of life, heav'n-ly home.

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(67)

E. L. Thompson.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hark, hark the voice, the voice of God com-mand-ing, "Let there be
2. The morn-ing stars in peace are sweet-ly sing-ing Prais-es to
3. Men of the world, come, hear his in-vi-ta-tion; Seek ye his

light!" his word all things o-bey; Out from the gloom of
him who sits up-on the throne; Cha-os is past, un-
face and trust his might-y love; Ye are his sons! tho'

end-less mid-night coming, Hail, hail the dawn-ing of e-ter-nal day!
numbered worlds are gleaming, And o-ver all Je-ho-vah reigns a-lone!
now in ex-ile walk-ing, There is a place pre-pared for you a-bove.

CHORUS.

{ Fa-ther e-ter-nal, Fa-ther al-might-y, King of all kingdoms, for-
{ Hear us, pro-ject us, Bless us, and guide us, (Omit.....

ev-er the same; Touched by thy good-ness we wor-ship thy name.

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I. N. McHose. Alt.

I. N. McHose.

1. O the great love the dear Sav-ior has shown To shame-ful-ly
2. Pal-a-cies, man-sions and inns had no room For Christ, who so
3. Man of great sor-rows and home-less was he, But yet my Re-

die on the tree, Leav-ing his scep-tre and beau-ti-ful throne
joy-ful-ly came Down from yon heav-en our path to il-lume,
deem-er and Friend, Pour-ing in in-fi-nite streams up-on me,

CHORUS.

To res-cue a sin-ner like me! Oh,..... such
And save us from sin and from shame.
A love that can nev-er-more end. Oh, such won-der-ful,

won-der-ful love! Oh,..... such won-der-ful love! Je-sus my
Oh, such won-der-ful,

Sav-ior left scep-tre and throne To res-cue a sin-ner like me.

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(69)

W. E. M.

Wm. Edie Marks.

1. When the foe is press-ing near,—Sur-ren-der not!.....
 2. By the trust im-posed in you,—Sur-ren-der not!.....
 3. Cling to Je-sus thro' the strife,—Sur-ren-der not!.....
 Sur-ren-der not!

Christ will help you, nev-er fear,—Sur-ren-der not!.....
 Ev-er loy-al be, and true,—Sur-ren-der not!.....
 Cling to him thro' all your life,—Sur-ren-der not!.....
 Sur-ren-der not!

Nev-er yield un-to the wrong, Wear-y not,—the fight pro-long,
 By the debt that Je-sus paid, By the vows that you have made,
 Keep the prom-ise that you gave, Keep in place a-mong the brave,

Cheer the faint-ing with a song,—Sur-ren-der not!.....
 By the crown that shall not fade,—Sur-ren-der not!.....
 Trust the Lord to keep and save,—Sur-ren-der not!.....
 Sur-ren-der not!

CHORUS.

Sur-ren-der not!..... sur-ren-der not!..... { Hold the
 Sur-ren-der not! sur-ren-der not! { Hold it

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place that you have nobly won,—Sur-ren-der not!
 in the name of Sur-ren-der not! Christ,—Sur-ren-der not!

Weighed and Wanting.

F. E. B.

Melody in Baritone, other parts subdued.

F. E. Belden.

1. When the Judge shall weigh our mo-tives For e-ter-nal gain or loss,
 2. Shall we hear the glad words spo-ken, "Faithful serv-ant," and "Well done,"
 3. Shall we heed the Spir-it's plead-ing, While for mer-cy we may call,

Shall we stand as gold be-fore him, Or as vile and worth-less dross?
 Or the dread and aw-ful sen-tence, "Thou art want-ing," sin-ful one?
 Or de-lay till God's hand-writ-ing Seals the fi-nal doom of all?

REFRAIN.

Weighed in the bal-ance of the Lord, Weighed, weighed, and want-ing;
 Weighed by the stand-ard of his word, Weighed, weighed, and want-ing.

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(71)

R. H. McDaniel.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Fol - low - ers of Je - sus, Hear the trump-et call; Rouse ye to your
2. Do you plead your weakness, Or your lack of speech, With poor sin - ners
3. Does the world al - lure you By its smiles and charm? Do you love its
4. Time is swift - ly pass - ing, And the work is great; Let us fill our

du - ty, There is work for all. Sin and pain and sor - row Ev - 'ry -
'round you That a word might reach? Oh, while souls are dy - ing, Keep this
pleas - ures, Pleading, there's no harm? While a life of serv - ice Is re -
mis - sion, Ere it be too late. Let us nev - er fal - ter, But be

where in view, Oh, if he were pres - ent, What would Je - sus do?
tho't in view: In the face of du - ty, What would Je - sus do?
quired of you, 'Twixt the world and du - ty, What would Je - sus do?
strong and true; For if he were pres - ent, This would Je - sus do.

CHORUS.

What would Je - sus do? What would Je - sus do? Midst the sin and
What would Je - sus do? What would Je - sus do?

sor - row That ap - pear to you, to you, Would he still be wait - ing, Or
That ap - pear to you,

*Suggested by C. M. Sheldon's "In His Steps", or "What Would Jesus Do?"

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What Would Jesus Do? Concluded.

paths of ease pur - sue? Think, O think a mo - ment—What would Jesus do?

Keep the Savior With You.

James Rowe.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Would you sing each day of life? Keep the Sav - ior with you;
2. Would you sing with saints a - bove? Keep the Sav - ior with you;
3. Would you reach the gates of gold? Keep the Sav - ior with you;

Would you tri - umph in the strife? Keep the Sav - ior with you.
Al - ways tell - ing of his love, Keep the Sav - ior with you.
Till his glo - ry you be - hold, Keep the Sav - ior with you.

CHORUS.

Keep the Sav - ior al - ways with you, On his might - y love de - pend;

He a - lone true help can lend, Keep the Sav - ior with you.

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E. E. H.

E. E. Hewitt.

1. Beth - le - hem, Cal - va - ry, Ol - i - vet, tell, O what a
 2. There, on the cross, where he died for my sin, O what a
 3. Ris - ing a - gain in his in - fi - nite grace, O what a
 4. Lift - ing my bur - dens, re - liev - ing my care, O what a
 5. Mak - ing a home for me o - ver the tide, O what a

Sav - ior is mine! Moun - tain and plain with his prais - es shall swell,
 Sav - ior is mine! Giv - ing his life a poor wan - d'rer to win,
 Sav - ior is mine! Shed - ding up - on me the light of his face,
 Sav - ior is mine! Giv - ing me cour - age to do and to dare,
 Sav - ior is mine! In his blest like - ness I'll wake sat - is - fied,

CHORUS.

O what a Sav - ior is mine! O what a Sav - ior! O what a

Sav - ior! O what a Sav - ior is mine! Un - to the ut - ter - most,

won - der - ful, glo - ri - ous! O what a Sav - ior is mine!

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(74)

W. I. Coburn.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When the love of the Lord was re - vealed to my soul, How sweet was the
 2. With a song on my lips for the joy I had found, My heart was at
 3. Now how bright is the way I am walk - ing each day With Je - sus, my

mo - ment to me! From my spir - it the bur - den was lift - ed, and lo!
 peace and at rest; I ac - cept - ed his word, I be - lieved on his name,
 Sav - ior and Guide; While I trust in my Lord and be - lieve in his word,

CHORUS.

From all doubt and all fear I was free! For I am free, free,
 And how rich - ly in him I was blest!
 This great love in my soul will a - bide. I am free! O

free! O won - drous the tho't to me, My doubt and my
 hal - le - lu - jah!

fear all dis - ap - pear With the love of God flood - ing my soul.

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T. O. Chisholm.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Earth is not all. Not all. There is a bet-ter coun-try, A bet-ter coun-try,
2. Earth is not all. Be-yond these mists and shad-ows,
3. Earth is not all. What mat-ters if our path-way

A land A land where sin and sor-row are un-known; There
And far a-cross the roll-ing tide of years, Faith
Be strewn with thorns, with clouds be o-ver-cast? What

with Christ for-ev-er, There ends the
souls redeemed will dwell with Christ for-ev-er, And hope re-
sees the bea-cons of that land ce-less-tial, tho' to-day we toil and weep and suf-fer?— A rest re-

CHORUS. *Faster.*
cross and there be-gins the crown. It is not here..... a-lone we
joi-ces, e-ven mid her tears. It is not here
mains, re-lease will come at last!

live;..... Earth is not all..... that God can give;.....
a-lone we live; Earth is not all that God can give;

Earth is Not All. Concluded.

Then life in-deed were vain;..... There is a home.....
in-deed were vain; There is a home

rit. *ad lib.*
of end-less years,..... There is a land..... that hath no
of end-less years, There is a land

cres. *ff dim. e rit.*
tears,..... May we that home-land gain, May we that home-land gain.
that hath no tears,

Death and Eternity.

C. H. G.

Feelingly.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Coming when the day is bright, Coming in the si-lent night, Coming at the
2. Coming to the gay and proud, Coming with a snow-white shroud, Coming to the
3. Coming with unhindered sway, Coming ev-ry fleet-ing day, Coming to the
4. Com-ing to the sin-ful one, Com-ing when our life is done, Gath-ring to the

ad lib. *Echo.*
morn-ing light,
gray head bowed, Coming, coming, death and e-ter-ni-ty, E-ter-ni-ty.
young and gay,
judg-ment throne,

76 He May Never Pass This Way Again.

James Rowe.

DeLoss Smith.

Melody in 2d Tenor, other parts subdued.

1. Sin-ner, some One is com-ing your way (your way)—'T is the won-der-ful
 2. Fal-ter not when the foe at your side (your side) Whispers: "Wait! there is
 3. Do not think that life's pleasures would flee (would flee), If you let the dear
 4. O to-day give your tem-pest-tossed soul (your soul) The rest and the

Sav-ior of men! If you let him pass by you to-day (to-day),
 time e-nough yet," For the mo-ments of life swift-ly glide, (they glide),
 Sav-ior come in; All the world will look brighter to thee (to thee),
 peace that it craves; Let the Sav-ior come in and con-trol (con-trol);

CHORUS.

He may nev-er come your way a - gain.
 And your pathway with snares is be-set. He may nev-er pass your way a -
 And life's pleasures will on-ly be - gin.
 Let him qui-et the wild, storm-y waves.

gain, This won-der-ful Sav-ior of men; Call his name while you
 a - gain, this Sav-ior of men;

may, let him save you to-day, He may nev-er pass your way a - gain.

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(78)

77

Thinking To-night.

B. A. R.

Byron A. Robinson.

1. Think-ing to-night of the world and its care; Think-ing to-night of its
 2. Think-ing of treas-ures I love here be-low, Treas-ures so fleet-ing the
 3. Think-ing of God and the man-sions of rest; Think-ing of Je - sus the

pleas-ures so fair; Think-ing of sin and its woe and de-spair;
 world doth be-stow; Bit - ter the har-vest from seed we thus sow;
 Sav-ior so blest, His love is pur-est and sweet-est and best;

REFRAIN.

Of these I am think-ing to - night.
 Of these I am think-ing to - night. Think-ing, think-ing,
 Of this I am think-ing to - night.

think-ing to-night, Turn your feet to the paths of right; Thinking, thinking,

think-ing to - night, Heed ye God's mes-sage and come to the light.

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(79)

The Lost Sheep.

C. H. M.

Baritone Solo, other parts hum.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Just one ten-der lamb was miss-ing, Out up-on the hills a-stray,
 2. Heed-less of the thorn-y path-way, Heed-less of his wear-i-ness,
 3. You and I like sheep have wandered From the fold of God a-way,

When by name the Mas-ter called them; All the rest safe fold-ed lay;
 On and on thro' storm and tem-pest, Nev-er giv-ing o'er the quest
 And the Shepherd kind is seek-ing Still for ev-ry one a-stray;

And I saw the look of an-guish And un-ut-ter-a-ble love
 Till the miss-ing lamb was gath-ered To his lov-ing breast once more;
 And I seem to hear the shout-ing Of the ransomed round the throne,

On the face of the Good Shepherd, As to find the lost he strove.
 Till with-in the fold safe-shel-tered, All its wear-y wan-d'rings c'er.
 As the Shep-herd to the sheep-fold One by one brings back his own.

CHORUS.

Wan-der-ing one, come home, O wan-der-ing one, come home;

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(80)

The Lost Sheep. Concluded.

Hark, tis the Shepherd calling thee, Ten-der-ly say-ing, "Fol-low me";

to roam, O come home.
 Nev-er a-gain to roam,..... Wan-der-ing one, come home.

Just As My Father Wills.

Harriet E. Jones.

2d Tenor and Baritone.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just as he wills, so let it be, Whose hand shall mark my path for me;
 2. If he shall lead in pleasant ways, And all my days prove sunny days,
 3. If he, while on my journey here, Shall bid me tread the pathway drear,
 4. Just as he wills, who knoweth why Dark clouds sometimes must veil the sky—
 5. Just as he wills—e-nough for me, The God I trust the end can see;

Just what I need his eye can see; Just as my Fa-ther wills.
 A song of thanks to him I'll raise; Just as my Fa-ther wills.
 My song of thanks he still shall hear; Just as my Fa-ther wills.
 He chas-tens but to pu-ri-fy; Just as my Fa-ther wills.
 In weal or woe my song shall be;— Just as my Fa-ther wills.

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(81)

Am I Witnessing?

Ida M. Budd.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Full oft I have said it—that Je-sus is mine; That I'm saved and up-
 2. Do I or-der my deeds by the law of his love? Do I tru-ly seek
 3. My Lord's ho-ly will do I stu-dy to know? Do I take Je-sus
 4. Sav-ior, grant me thy cleansing and leave no least sin, How-ev-er al-

borne by the pow-er di-vine; But I long that my life shall speak
 wis-dom and grace from a-bove? Are pride and im-pa-tience, and
 with me wher-ev-er I go? Do I trust him in dark-ness as
 lur-ing, re-main-ing with-in. Let me live so that all who be-

more than my words In wit-ness-ing dai-ly that I am the Lord's.
 en-vy and strife, By his in-dwell-ing Spir-it re-moved from my life?
 well as in light? Do I pass thro' temp-ta-tion with robes pure and white?
 hold me may see That my Lord by his Spir-it a-bid-eth with me.

CHORUS.

Is my life bear-ing wit-ness for him?..... Is my
 for him?

light nev-er cloud-ed or dim?..... Can a watch-ing world see,
 cloud-ed or dim?

Am I Witnessing? Concluded.

As it looks up-on me, That I'm wit-ness-ing dai-ly for him?

The Jericho Road.

John R. Clements.

Mrs. M. E. Bliss Wilson.

1st Tenor Solo, other parts hum.

1. By the Jer-i-cho road Bar-ti-me-us had sat, A
 2. By the Jer-i-cho road Bar-ti-me-us had heard Of
 3. By the Jer-i-cho road Bar-ti-me-us cried out, And
 4. By the Jer-i-cho road Bar-ti-me-us had faith; The

beg-gar, for man-y a day; But he hears from the throng, as they're
 cures that the Sav-ior had wrought; "Will he hear if I cry?" was the
 oh, to his joy and sur-prise! He looked on the beau-ty and
 gift that he prayed for, it gave; So the sin-bur-dened soul can to-

pass-ing a-long, That Je-sus is com-ing that way.
 tho't in his heart; "Will he heal if by one he's be-sought?"
 splen-dor of day, For Je-sus had o-pened his eyes.
 day be made whole, For Je-sus is wait-ing to save.

CHORUS. All voices.

Repeat pp.

He's com-ing to-day, He's coming this way; O sin-ner, believe and be saved!

C. H. M.

Melody in Baritone.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. "All the world for Je-sus!" this our bat-tle-cry; Gird ye on the
 2. "All the world for Je-sus!" doth he not com-mand, Go to ev-'ry
 3. "All the world for Je-sus!" press the bat-tle on, Let the ranks be

ar-mor, lift the stand-ard high; Beat-ing back the pow'rs of
 na-tion, ev-'ry clime and land; Go, and make dis-ci-ples
 filled, the day be-gins to dawn; On the win-ning side are

dark-ness and of sin, Ev-er press-ing on his righteous cause to win.
 of the peo-ple there, And a whole sal-va-tion ev-'ry-where de-clare?
 we for-ev-er-more, Je-sus shall be owned as King and Con-quer-or.

CHORUS.

"All the world for Je-sus!" this our song shall be, Till the gos-pel

sounds from sea to far-thest sea; North and South, and East and West,

Na-tions in a day be blest, And the whole earth shout the vic-to-ry!

Jno. R. Clements.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The bells of heav'n are ring-ing sweet, A soul is com-ing home!
 2. The choirs of heav'n glad voi-ces raise, A soul is com-ing home!
 3. The an-gel fa-cies light with joy, A soul is com-ing home!

There's mu-sic on the gold-en street, A soul is com-ing home!
 The heav'n-ly arch-es ring with praise, A soul is com-ing home!
 There's hap-pi-ness with-out al-loy; A soul is com-ing home!

CHORUS.

Com-ing home! com-ing home! Set all the joy-bells ring-ing;

Com-ing home! com-ing home! Let heav'n and earth keep sing-ing.

Louis E. Holcomb.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a lit-tle brown house on a lit-tle green hill, In a beau-ti-ful
 2. A - gain she is set-ting the ta-ble for two In a din-ing room
 3. And now it is bed-time, the light is turned low In the lit-tle brown

coun-try I know, Where sweet williams are blooming by sweet, winding rills,
 cheer-y and bright; In her face is the light of an in-fi-nite love,
 house on the hill; The zeph-yrs come, bringing the scent of the flow'rs

And dain-ti-est vi-o-lets grow. There a sil-ver haired mother sits
 Il-lu-min-ing sor-row's dark night. But like stars shining out thro' the
 With the voice of the mur-mur-ing rill, To the dear, gen-tle moth-er a-

knit-ting a-lone In the eve-ning of life and of day, And the tear drops are
 rifts of the cloud, Her smile ev-er min-gles with tears As she sings in those
 lone in her room With her prayers and her hopes and her fears. Yet al-ways at

start-ing as soft-ly she sings, While think-ing of one far a-way,
 love-soft-ened tones of her boy, Whose face she has not seen in years,
 night there's a win-dow un-loosed For the boy of her songs and her tears,

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While think-ing of one far a-way. Of her boy, of her
 Whose face she has not seen in years.
 For the boy of her songs and her tears. Think-ing, think-ing,

boy, of her boy, of her boy.
 think-ing, think-ing, think-ing, think-ing, think-ing, think-ing.

*Instead of these last four measures, the chorus of "Where is My Wandering Boy" may be sung after the 1st stanza; Chorus of "The Vacant Chair" after the 2d stanza, and "Star of Hope" after the 3rd stanza.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Sometime, somewhere my toil shall cease, And I from care shall find re-lease
 2. Sometime, somewhere I'll fall a - sleep, And, from a dreamless slumber deep
 3. Sometime, somewhere soon, it may be, The skies will rift, and I shall see
 4. Sometime, somewhere, some blessed place, Thro' wonders of a-maz-ing grace,
 5. Sometime, somewhere: I'll trust and wait Thro' ear-ly morn or ev'ning late,

In ev-er-last-ing, per-fect peace, Some-time, some-where, some-how.
 I'll wak-en, nev-er more to weep, Some-time, some-where, some-how.
 The Reaper's hand held out to me, Some-time, some-where, some-how.
 I'll see my Sav-ior face to face, Some-time, some-where, some-how.
 Till he for me un-locks the gate, Some-time, some-where, some-how.

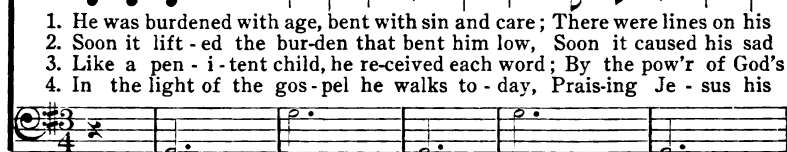

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J. R.

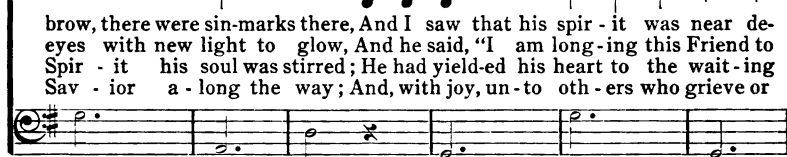
James Rowe.




1. He was burdened with age, bent with sin and care; There were lines on his
2. Soon it lift-ed the bur-den that bent him low, Soon it caused his sad
3. Like a pen - i - tent child, he re-ceived each word; By the pow'r of God's
4. In the light of the gos-pel he walks to - day, Prais-ing Je - sus his

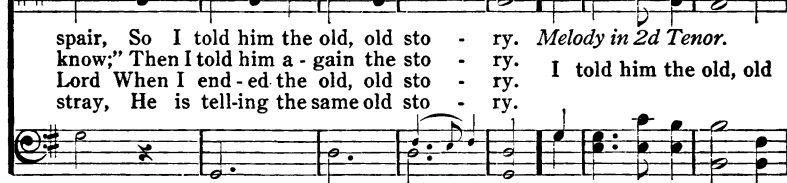
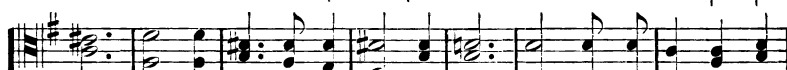
brow, there were sin-marks there, And I saw that his spir - it was near de-
eyes with new light to glow, And he said, "I am long-ing this Friend to
Spir - it his soul was stirred; He had yield-ed his heart to the wait-ing
Sav - ior a - long the way; And, with joy, un-to oth - ers who grieve or



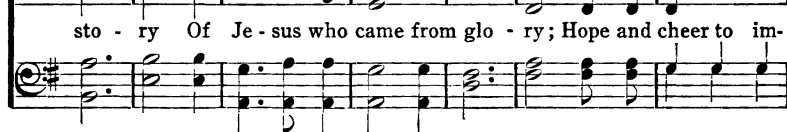

CHORUS.



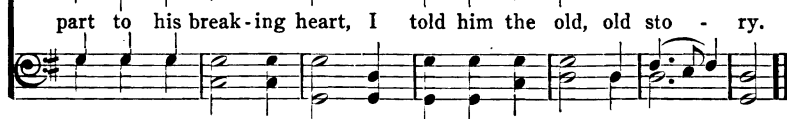
spair, So I told him the old, old sto - ry. *Melody in 2d Tenor.*
know;" Then I told him a - gain the sto - ry. I told him the old, old
Lord When I end-ed the old, old sto - ry.
stray, He is tell-ing the same old sto - ry.

sto - ry Of Je - sus who came from glo - ry; Hope and cheer to im-

part to his break-ing heart, I told him the old, old sto - ry.




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*Said a Mission Worker: Some time ago I was preaching on the corner of a street at noon to a company of working men. Among them was one bent with years who listened to every word, and shaking my hand, said that I had done him good. Then I told him the old, old story, simply and tenderly, and explained how easy it was to be saved. At first he did not think it possible that any one could really love him and forgive all his sins. He promised to try and believe it. That evening he heard me preach again; and when at the close of the meeting I prayed with him, he gave his heart to the Christ.

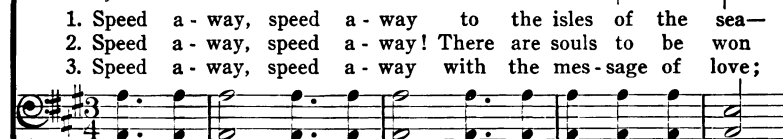
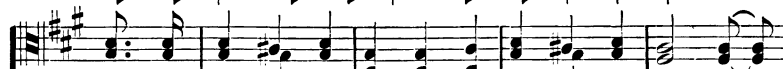
(88)

Eben E. Rexford.

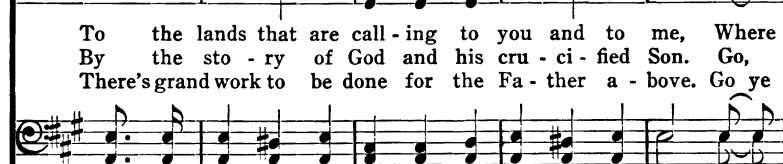

I. B. Woodbury.



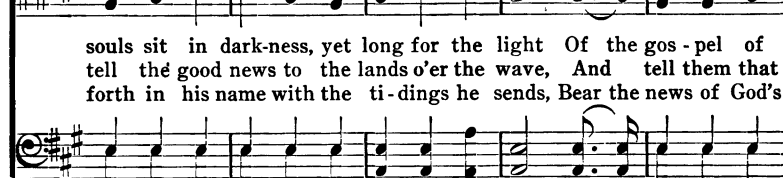

1. Speed a - way, speed a - way to the isles of the sea—
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way! There are souls to be won
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes-sage of love;

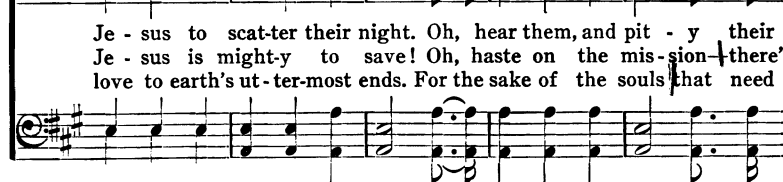

To the lands that are call - ing to you and to me, Where
By the sto - ry of God and his cru - ci - fied Son. Go,
There's grand work to be done for the Fa - ther a - bove. Go ye

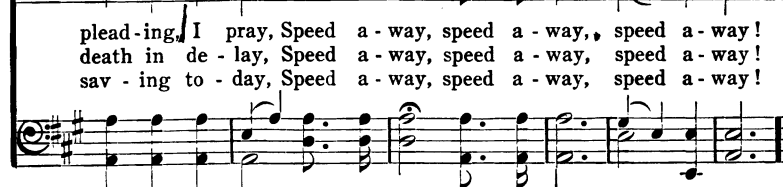
souls sit in dark-ness, yet long for the light Of the gos - pel of
tell the good news to the lands o'er the wave, And tell them that
forth in his name with the ti - dings he sends, Bear the news of God's

Je - sus to scat-ter their night. Oh, hear them, and pit - y their
Je - sus is might-y to save! Oh, haste on the mis-sion—there's
love to earth's ut - ter-most ends. For the sake of the souls that need

plead-ing, I pray, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!
death in de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!
sav - ing to - day, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!



Words copyright, 1898, by Henry Date. (89)

Jennie Ree.

J. H. Minor.

1. I have heard thee, Sav - ior, call - ing, Je - sus, Friend di - vine,
 2. I have heard thee, Sav - ior, call - ing, "O - pen un - to me;
 3. I have heard thee, Sav - ior, call - ing In the hour of need,
 4. I have heard thee—I have answered, Tho' the hour was late;

When re-morse for sin ap - pall - ing, Filled this heart of mine;
 Lo! the shades of night are fall - ing— I thy Guest would be!"
 And, tho' chains of sin were gall - ing, Still I would not heed.
 Praise thy name, O Lord, for - ev - er— Thou didst for me wait.

I have heard thee when the tem - pest Beat a - bove my way, Plead
 Spurned, re - ject - ed, thou didst lin - ger, Call - ing o'er and o'er; Yet
 Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row Thou didst bear for me, And
 To thy knock - ing and thy plead - ing, I at last gave way, And

with my soul for shel - ter, yet I turned thee, Lord, a - way.
 self - ish, proud in un - be - lief, I o - pened not the door.
 yet when thou didst call on me, I turned a - way from thee.
 now thou art my roy - al Guest—Re-main with me for aye.

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel. (90)

Edgar Lewis.

L. E. Jones.

1. Have you heard of Je - sus and his won - drous love? Help to car - ry the
 2. Do you know his wondrous pow'r to save from sin? Help to car - ry the
 3. Do you know his pow'r to keep from day to day? Help to car - ry the

good news on, on— How to save the lost he came down from a - bove!
 good news on, on; Does his blood now cleanse and keep you white within?
 good news on, on; Has he led you safe - ly all a - long the way?

CHORUS.

Help to carry the good news on. Good news, help to car - ry it on,
 Help to carry the good news,

Help to car - ry the good news on, on; O'er land and o - cean
 help to car - ry it on;

wave Pro - claim God's pow'r to save; Help to car - ry the good news on.

Copyright, 1911, by Henry Date.

(91)

T. O. Chisholm.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What did it mean when Je - sus came Down from his home of light,
 2. What did it mean when Je - sus wrought All of his deeds of might;
 3. What did it mean when Je - sus died, Hang-ing on Cal - va - ry?
 4. What did it mean when Je - sus rose Up from his dream-less bed?

Lay-ing a - side his glo - ry there, En - ter-ing this dark night;
 Heal-ing the ills and pains of men, Giv-ing the blind their sight;
 Heav-en and earth were joined in grief Dy-ing like his to see!
 Death and the grave for - ev - er past, Fin-ished a - tone-ment made!

Tak-ing the form of sin - ful men, Shar-ing our want and woe,
 Rais-ing the dead to life a - gain, Feed-ing the mul - ti - tude,
 Lips that were filled with bless-ing once, Parched with his fail-ing breath,
 Glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry of grace, In - fi - nite reach of love!

Hav-ing not where to lay his head, Ha - ted, yet lov - ing so?
 Spending his life, his won-drous life, On - ly in do - ing good?
 He that was ho - ly, harm-less, pure, Dy-ing a sin - ner's death!
 Won-der of men and an - gels, too, Theme of the saints a - bove!

CHORUS.

What did it mean, O what did it mean? None sure-ly ev - er loved as he!

Copyright, 1910, by Chas. H. Gabriel. (92)

What Did It Mean? Concluded.

What did it mean to Je - sus my Lord, And what does it mean to me?

A Little While.

Adapted by Jennie Ree.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A lit - tle while to gath - er flow'rs That blos - som in life's morn-ing
 2. A lit - tle while, and we may weep O'er forms grown cold in death's cold
 3. A lit - tle while to toil and strive Where, 'mid the wheat, the tares may
 4. A lit - tle while, and we may meet Where ransomed souls each oth - er

hours; A lit - tle while to dream a - way The glo - ries
 sleep; A lit - tle while to pray and mourn Where friends from
 thrive; A lit - tle while— and then shall I Be - neath the
 greet; A lit - tle while, and an - gels fair, With songs shall

of the bright spring day, A lit - tle while, A lit - tle while.
 love's strong arms are torn,— A lit - tle while, A lit - tle while.
 droop - ing wil - lows lie— A lit - tle while, A lit - tle while.
 make us wel-come there— A lit - tle while, A lit - tle while.

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Grace Duffie Roe.

Jay Arthur Ford.

1. Day - light is past, Shad - ows are cast O - ver the sea and
 2. Once down our path, The storm in wrath Lashed the wild foam - ing
 3. O Helms - man true, The voy - age through, May we but trust thy

land;..... Down in the glade, Night's peaceful shade Li - eth so
 wave;..... Dark - ness and dread Gath - ered o'er - head, No hu - man
 hand!..... Thine are the isles Where pleas - ure smiles, Thine the fair

near at hand.... Full are the nets we've drawn to shore;
 arm could save.... Drift - ing and lost we heard with fear
 Beau - lah land.... Each strange, new morn un - veils the way

Joy's meas - ure pressed to o - ver - flow; The reefs are passed, the tem - pest's
 The break - ers' roar where rocks did hide; Till thro' the gloom our souls could
 To un - known seas where we must go; Thou who didst guide thro' yes - ter -

CHORUS.
 roar Sinks to a whis - per low....
 hear, "Lo, I will be thy Guide." Then tho' the tide be
 day, To - mor - row's path dost know.

Copyright, 1896, by Henry Date.

(94)

Pilot of Galilee. Concluded.

swift and wide, Naught can we fear on life's wild sea; To thee we
 raise our songs of praise, Pi - lot of Gal - i - lee....

Will It Be You?

James Rowe.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Aft - er is end - ed the last hard mile, Which may be
 2. Some one will see the bright gates un - fold, Some one will
 3. With all the bur - dens of life laid down, Far from this
 4. Some one will dwell on the gold - en shore, Close to the

soon - in a lit - tle while - Some one will see the Re -
 walk on the streets of gold, Some one the hand of the
 world and its an - gry frown, Some one our Lord will in
 Sav - ior whom saints a - dore, Sing - ing his prais - es for -

Echo. Echo.
 you, you?
 deem - er's smile: Will it be you, Will it be you?
 Lord will hold: Will it be you, Will it be you?
 glo - ry crown; Will it be you, Will it be you?
 ev - er - more; Will it be you, Will it be you?

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(95)

Eben E. Rexford.

Arr. for this book.

1. How man - y times, dis - cour - aged, We sink be - side the way;
2. O soul, hast thou for - got - ten The ten - der word and sweet
3. Take cour-age, way - worn pil - grim! Tho' mists and shad-ows hide

A - bout us all is dark-ness, We hard-ly dare to pray.
Of him who left be-hind him The print of bleed-ing feet?
The face of him thou lov - est, He's ev - er at thy side.

Then, thro' the mists and shad - ows, The sweet-est voice e'er known
"I nev - er will for-sake thee, O child, so wear - y grown;
Reach out thy hand and find him, And lo, the clouds have flown;

Says, "Child, am I not with thee, Nev - er to leave thee a - lone?"
Re - mem - ber, I have prom-ised Nev - er to leave thee a - lone."
He smiles on thee who prom-ised Nev - er to leave thee a - lone.

CHORUS.
No, nev - er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone! . . . He prom-ised
No, nev - er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone!

Copyright, 1898, by Henry Date.

(96)

nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone! . . . leave me a - lone!
Nev - er, nev - er a - lone!

Arr. from a Welsh tune.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith-er by thy help I'm come;
3. O, to grace how great a debt-or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home.
Let thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to thee:

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;

Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed his pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for thy courts a - bove.

(97)

Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers on the
 2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus Souls that are weak and
 3. Thus would I go, for Je-sus hath called me, Him would I fol-low

mountains a-stray, "Come un-to me," his mes-sage re-peat-ing, Words of the
 hearts that are sore, Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal-va-tion, Showing the
 day un-to day; Care for the dy-ing, raise up the fall-en, Pointing the

CHORUS.

Mas-ter speak-ing to-day. Go-ing a-far, a-
 path to life ev-er-more.
 lost to Je-sus the way. Go-ing a-far..... up-on the

far up-on the moun-tain, Bring-ing the wan-d'ers, the
 moun-tain, Bring-ing the wan-d'ers back a-

wand'ers back a-gain, In-to the fold, the fold of my Redeemer,
 gain,..... In-to the fold..... of my Re-deem-er,

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Seeking the Lost. Concluded.

Je-sus the Lamb, the Lamb for sin-ners slain.
 Je-sus the Lamb..... for sin-ners slain.....

97

Crown Him Today.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

J. H. Tenney.

1. Come, look on the King in his beau-ty, And gaze on his rec-on-ciled face;
 2. Come, look on the King in his beau-ty, Oh, look, and thy heart shall be won;
 3. Come, look on the King in his beau-ty, And o-pen thy lips in his praise;

Enthroned in thy heart he ap-pear-eth, A-dorned with an in-fi-nite grace.
 His love shall come out in its sweetness, And Je-sus will claim thee his own.
 Oh, sing till the world shall be hear-ing The an-them thy spir-it shall raise.

CHORUS.

Enthroned him thy King and thy Sav-ior, His lov-ing commands to o-bey;

Oh, give to the King all his glo-ry, And crown him to-day.
 And crown him, yes crown him to-day.

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(99)

R. H. McDaniel.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



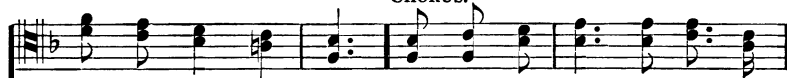
1. By faith be - hold a crim - son tide, Now flow - ing where the Sav - ior
2. Oh, send the ti - dings far and wide, That Christ the Lord was cru - ci -
3. We sing of won - drous peace and love That fill our hearts from God a -
4. Sometime we'll stand be - fore our King, And join the ran - somed host to



died— The blood he shed for you and me, On sa - cred,
fied, And bro't sal - va - tion full and free, To all the
bove, And shout o'er sin the vic - to - ry, Since Je - sus
sing, And oh, me - thinks the theme will be, That Je - sus



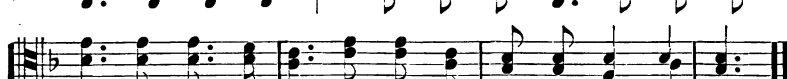
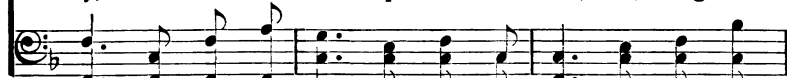
CHORUS.



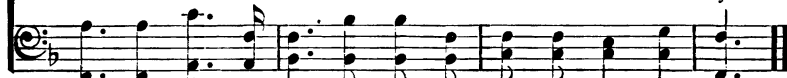
far - famed Cal - va - ry.
world, on Cal - va - ry. Then sing, oh, sing of Cal - va -
died on Cal - va - ry.
died on Cal - va - ry.



ry, Where Je - sus died up - on the tree; Oh, sing it



till the world shall see The love that shines from Cal - va - ry.



C. B. W.

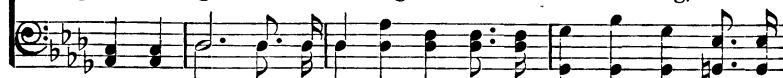
C. B. Widmeyer.



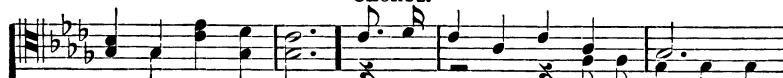
1. There's a place in the ranks to be filled to - day; Who will stand with the
2. Will you stay in the fight when the bat - tle's on, When your comrades are
3. Will you join our ranks as we march a - long To the man - sions pre -



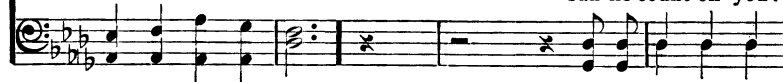
"Tried and True?" 'Mid the bat - tle's din and the can - non's roar, Can the
fall - ing fast? Can he count on you till the bat - tle's o'er, To be
pared on high, To adore our King 'mid the blood - washed throng, Where the



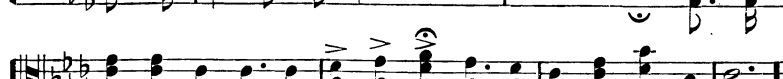
CHORUS.



Mas - ter count on you? Can the Mas - ter count on you?
true to the ver - y last?
saints shall nev - er die? Can he count on you?



of the "Tried and True?"
Are you one of the "Tried and True?" Hear the



bat - tle - cry, "You must fight or die;" Can the Mas - ter count on you?



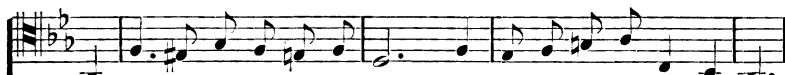
Rev. E. G. W. Wesley.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



Baritone.

1. I know not how such love could be, That Je - sus chose to die for me,
 2. No one could save but Christ a-lone! And thus for me he left his throne
 3. His blood he shed, his life he gave My soul from sin and death to save;
 4. I now am his, his grace is mine, I rest with-in his love di-vine;



For one who far from him had strayed, So oft his voice had dis - o-beyed.
 His par-don and rich gifts to bring, To give me heir-ship with my King.
 He found me help-less, guilt-y lost,— He paid the price—how great the cost!
 His grace will keep me in the way, And lead me in - to per-fect day.



CHORUS.



He gave him-self for me, for me, He gave him-self for me, for me!
 He gave him-self He gave him-self



Oh, won-drous love! how could it be That Je-sus gave him-self for me?
 That Je-sus gave him-self for me?

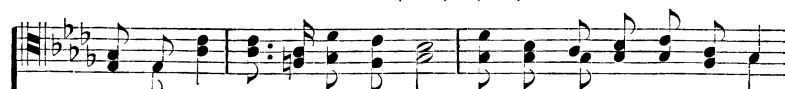


E. E. Hewitt.

Henry P. Morton.



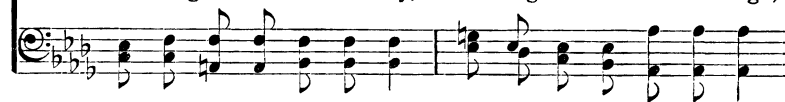
1. You who know a Savior's love, Speak a word for Je - sus; Trusting in the
 2. He has done much more for you, Speak a word for Je - sus; Will you not to
 3. Guid - ed by the Spirit's voice, Speak a word for Je - sus; In his sav-ing



Friend a - bove, Speak a word for him. He will bless it, nev - er fear;
 Him be true? Speak a word for him. Seek to bear a loy - al part,
 pow'r re-joice, Speak a word for him. While the days go swift - ly by,



Bright-en path-ways lone and drear, Make it car - ry hope and cheer,
 Serv - ing him with all your heart; Love will teach the bless-ed art,
 Ere the gold - en mo-ments fly, Win-ning stars for crowns on high,



Speak a word for Je - sus. Just a word, a lit - tle word, A lov-ing word for



Je - sus; Speak a word, a prayer-ful word, A winning word for Je - sus.



G. L. H.

Grace L. Hosmer.

1. Hail to our na-tion's ban-ner! With its col-ors bright,
2. Hail to the flag of free-dom, Ev - er wide un-furled
3. Long may you wave, Old Glo-ry, And for jus-tice stand

Stars of gleaming white; Hail to our na-tion's ban-ner, Float-ing glad and
Un - to all the world, Stain-less in all thy beau-ty, Flag we love the
O - ver all the land; Long may you wave, Old Glo-ry, Flag of lib-er-

CHORUS.

free! Long wave, Old Glo-ry! 'Tis the flag we love the
best!
ty! Long, long wave, Old Glo-ry, wave! 'Tis the flag, the flag we

best; Long wave, Old Glo-ry! From the east un - to the
love the best; O long, long wave, Old Glo-ry, wave! From the east un - to the

west. Long wave, Old Glo-ry! 'Tis the flag we love so
west wave on! Long, long wave, Old Glo-ry, wave! 'Tis the flag, the flag we

true; May we keep it pure and spotless, Our red, white and blue!
love so true;

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

J. H. Tenney.

1. Broad is the ope - ning field, Call - ing for help to - day;
2. Few are the will - ing hearts Read - y for work to do;
3. Word from the Lord of har - vest Sounds in our ears to - day;

Great is the har - vest yield; Why should the work de - lay?
Weak are the la - b'ring hands, Wear - y the faith - ful few.
White are the wait - ing fields, - Pray for more la - b'ers, pray.

CHORUS.

Up and a - way, ye toil - ers! Gath - er the gold - en grain; Be not a

mo - ment i - dle, Gath - er, gath - er, Gath - er till none shall re - main.

C. H. G.

Solo, or Quartet.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. He stood just outside my door, knocking— I heard him speak to me,—
2. As, pon-d'ring, I wait-ed and lis - tened, A - gain his knock I heard,
3. Oncemore came the knock! It was midnight,—The earth in si-lence lay;

But Sa-tan said, "Why should that Stränger At this time call on thee?
And tho' I was trou-bled to slight him, I an-swered not a word;
He called me by name, oh, so sweet-ly, The while he turned a - way;

He sure - ly hath not been in - vit - ed—Thy robe thou hast not on;
But conscience said, "Throw the door o-pen! To bar it, is to sin!
Then quick-ly, in shame and re-pent-ance I rose, un-locked the door

If an-swer thou giv - est un - to him, Re - quest him to be gone;
So long he has pa-tient-ly wait-ed, Rise, let the Stränger in!
And cried, "Come and be, bless-ed Stran-ger, My Guest for - ev - er - more;"

If an - swer thou giv - est un - to him, Re - quest him to be gone."
So long he has pa - tient - ly wait - ed, Rise, let the Stran - ger in!"
And cried, "Come and be, bless - ed Stran - ger, My Guest for - ev - er - more."

Charlotte G. Homer.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Our cause is just! and at the right-eous bid - ding Of him who
2. Our cause is just! The ty - rant shall be con-quer-ed! Too long, too
3. Our cause is just! Look out up - on the high-way, Be - hold the

guides the stars and rules the sun, We an-swer—"Here am I! nor
long has been his cru - el reign! A - wake, and In the name of
mil - lions march-ing to the grave, And pon - der! Rise, oh, men! Your

CHORUS.

will I quit the field Un - til the vic-t'ry's won!"
God with us de-clare The mon-ster shall be slain! Ral-ly! ral-ly, O ye
manhood bids you rise, The captive souls to save.

true and faithful, For our homes and country shall be free! Hur-rah! hur-rah!

Our cause is just, and with a pur-pose true We'll march to vic-to - ry.

Richard Venting.

Alice E. Sumner.

1. He died for me, the Sav-ior died;
 1. He died for me,..... the Sav-ior died; His blood was
 2. He died for me,..... O match-less grace!..... To take a
 3. He died for me,..... O love un-known!..... For sin his

His blood was spilt, a crim-son tide; To save my soul
 spilt,..... a crim-son tide; To save my soul.....
 guilt..... y sin-ner's place; To res-cue me.....
 blood..... it must a-tone;..... Poor, anx-ious soul,.....

the cross he bears, The in-sults takes,
 the cross he bears,..... The in-sults takes,..... the thorn-crown
 from death and hell;..... Such wondrous love,..... O who can
 'tis all you need;..... Suf-fi-cient is..... his death in-

CHORUS.

the thorn-crown wears.
 wears..... He died for you,..... he died for me,.....
 tell?.....
 deed..... He died for you, he died for me.

The rich-es of..... his grace are free;..... He died for you,.....
 The rich-es of his grace are free; He died for you,

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(108)

He Died For Me. Concluded.

he died for me,..... The call is, Come,..... and taste and see.....
 he died for me, The call is, Come, and taste and see, come, taste and see.

107

I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

Stephen C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms; Now, thro' the blood, I'm
 2. Once I was lost, and 'way down deep in sin; Once was a slave to
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low; The
 pas-sions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov-ing God; But
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

CHORUS. Echo.

pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleans-es white as snow.
 now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. I love him, I love him,
 tell the world a-round the peace that he doth give.

Be-cause he first loved me, And purchased my sal-va-tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

(109)

Wondrous Grace of God.

T. O. Chisholm.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hear what the Lord hath done for me; A cap-tive bound, he set me
 2. He suf-fered Calv'ry's death of shame, That I might peace and par-don
 3. He gives me joy un-known be-fore, He saves and keeps me by his
 4. Such love I can-not com-pre-hend, That Christ my Lord would con-de-
 5. His grace will guide me all the way, Suf-fi-cient, still, for ev-ry

free, My blind-ed eyes he made to see, O won-drous grace of God!
 claim, And life e-ter-nal, thro' his name, O won-drous grace of God!
 pow'r, His pres-ence lights my dark-est hour, O won-drous grace of God!
 scend To be my Broth-er and my Friend, O won-drous grace of God!
 day, He can-not fail me, come what may, O won-drous grace of God!

CHORUS.

O grace that did for all my guilt a-tone! O grace that

would a help-less sin-ner own! To all the world that

grace would I make known! O won-drous, bound-less grace of God.

Thine Forever.

M. F. Maude.

G. T. Burnett.

1. Thine for-ev - er! God of love, Hear us from thy throne a-
 2. Thine for-ev - er! Shep-herd, keep These thy frail and trem-bling

1. Thine for-ev-er! God of love, Hear us from thy throne a-
 2. Thine for-ev-er! Shep-herd, keep These thy frail and trem-bling

1. Thine for-ev-er! God of love, Hear us from thy throne a-
 2. Thine for-ev-er! Shep-herd, keep These thy frail and trem-bling

bove; Thine for-ev - er may we be, Here and in e-ter-ni-ty.
 sheep; Safe a-lone be-neath thy care, Let us all thy goodness share.

Thine for ev - er! Lord of life, Shield us thro' our earth - ly
 Thine for-ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by thee sup-

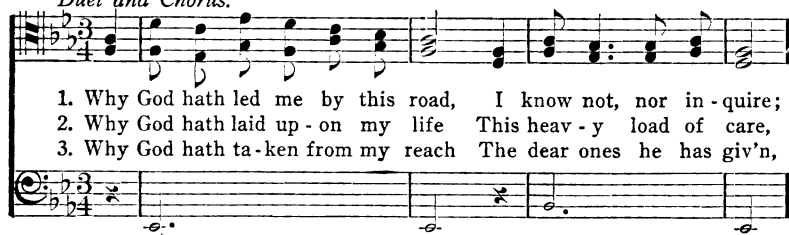
Thine for-ev-er! Lord of life, Shield us thro' our earth-ly
 Thine for-ev-er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by thee sup-

strife; Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
 plied; All our sins by thee for-giv'n, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n.

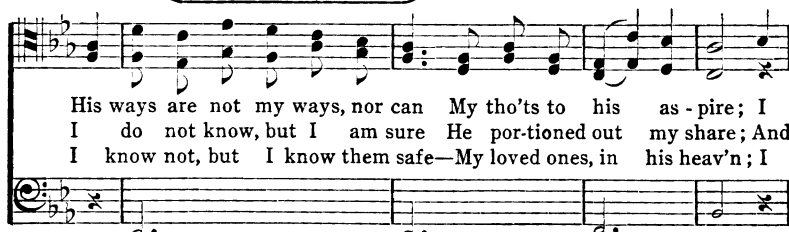
110 I'll Trust Him All the Way.

Mary Brainerd Smith.
Duet and Chorus.

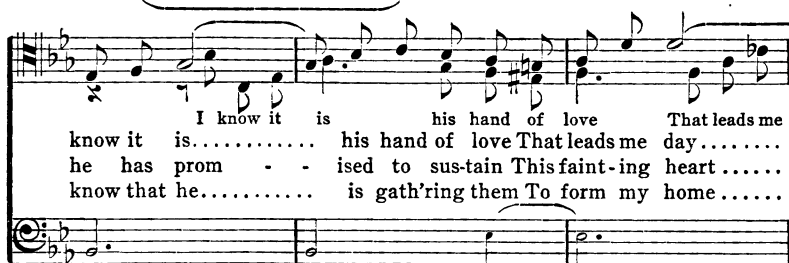
Chas. H. Gabriel.



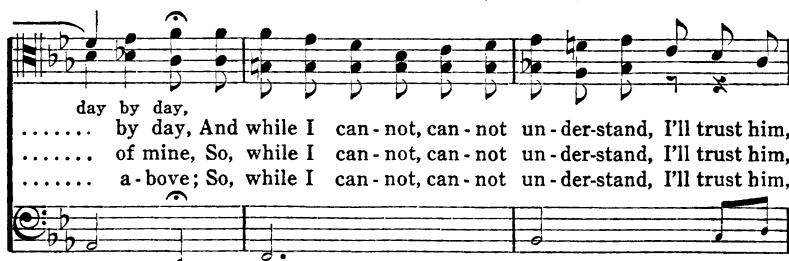
1. Why God hath led me by this road, I know not, nor in-quire;
2. Why God hath laid up - on my life This heav - y load of care,
3. Why God hath ta - ken from my reach The dear ones he has giv'n,



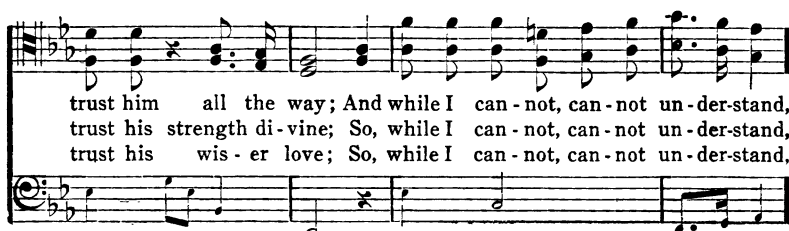
His ways are not my ways, nor can My tho'ts to his as - pire; I
I do not know, but I am sure He por-tioned out my share; And
I know not, but I know them safe—My loved ones, in his heav'n; I



I know it is his hand of love That leads me
know it is..... his hand of love That leads me day.....
he has prom - - ised to sus-tain This faint-ing heart.....
know that he..... is gath'ring them To form my home.....



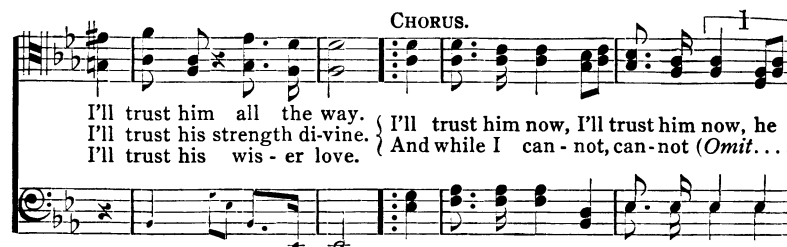
day by day,
..... by day, And while I can - not, can - not un - der - stand, I'll trust him,
..... of mine, So, while I can - not, can - not un - der - stand, I'll trust him,
..... a - bove; So, while I can - not, can - not un - der - stand, I'll trust him,



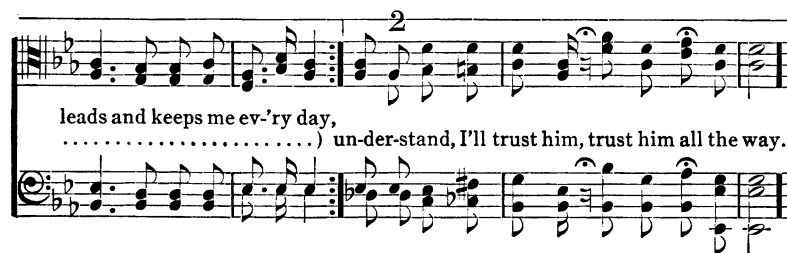
trust him all the way; And while I can - not, can - not un - der - stand,
trust his strength di - vine; So, while I can - not, can - not un - der - stand,
trust his wis - er love; So, while I can - not, can - not un - der - stand,

I'll Trust Him All the Way. Concluded.

CHORUS.



I'll trust him all the way.
I'll trust his strength di-vine. } I'll trust him now, I'll trust him now, he
I'll trust his wis - er love. } And while I can - not, can - not (Omit....



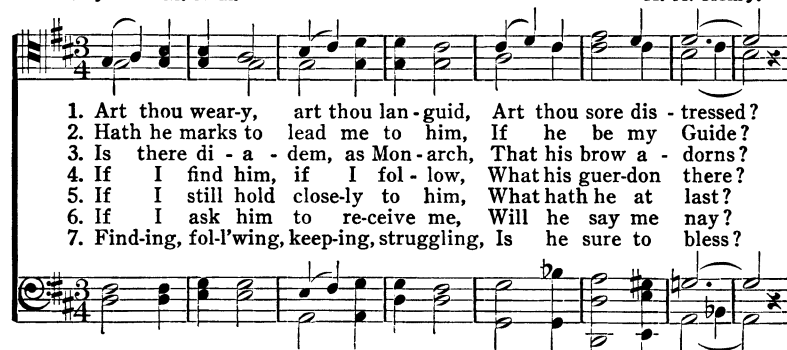
leads and keeps me ev-'ry day,
.....) un - der - stand, I'll trust him, trust him all the way.

111

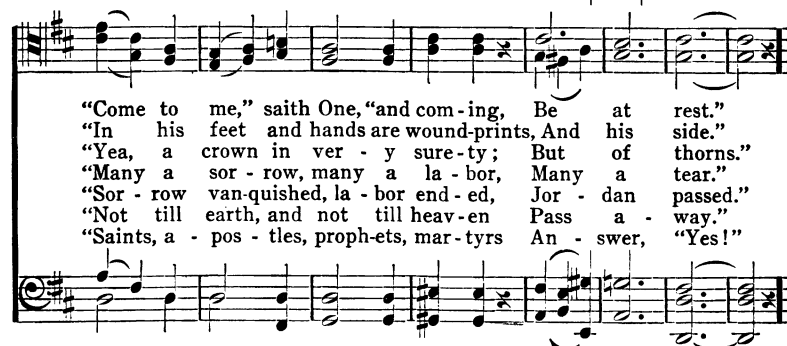
The Answer.

Tr. by John M. Neal.

H. A. Henry.



1. Art thou wear-y, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis - tressed?
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my Guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem, as Mon - arch, That his brow a - dorns?
4. If I find him, if I fol - low, What his guer-don there?
5. If I still hold close-ly to him, What hath he at last?
6. If I ask him to re-ceive me, Will he say me nay?
7. Find-ing, fol-l'wing, keep-ing, struggling, Is he sure to bless?



"Come to me," saith One, "and com-ing, Be at rest."
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints, And his side."
"Yea, a crown in ver - y sure-ty; But of thorns."
"Many a sor - row, many a la - bor, Many a tear."
"Sor - row van-quished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan passed."
"Not till earth, and not till heav-en Pass a - way."
"Saints, a - pos - tles, proph-ets, mar-tys An - swer, "Yes!"

E. E. Hewitt.

Fred A. Fillmore.

1. No mat - ter how hard goes the bat - tle of life, God's
 2. We know that the ro - ses not al - ways will bloom, The
 3. Per - haps you are seek - ing a soul far a - stray; That
 4. Thro' all the swift chan - ges that come to us here, Till

chil - dren need nev - er de - spair; His con - quer - ing grace giv - eth
 skies will not al - ways be fair; But go to the Fa - ther to
 name to the mer - cy - seat bear; The Shep - herd him - self will go
 white robes of glo - ry we wear, We'll look up to Je - sus for

peace 'mid the strife, There is won - der - ful pow'r in prayer.
 bright - en the gloom, There is won - der - ful pow'r in prayer.
 with you to - day, There is won - der - ful pow'r in prayer.
 com - fort and cheer, There is won - der - ful pow'r in prayer.

CHORUS.

Won - - der - ful pow'r, A won - der - ful pow'r in prayer; For it
 Won - der - ful pow'r, won - der - ful pow'r,

mov - eth the arm that moveth the worlds, There's a won - der - ful pow'r in prayer.

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(114)

Jennie Ree.

Ira B. Wilson.

1. Of the Sav - ior and his love, to those you meet Tell the
 2. "Go ye in - to all the world" is his com - mand, Tell the
 3. What tho' some may scoff and oth - ers turn a - way, Tell the
 4. Scat - ter good seed that will un - to har - vest grow, Tell the

sto - ry, tell the sto - ry; Make it
 sto - ry, tell the sto - ry; In a
 sto - ry, tell the sto - ry; Fal - ter
 sto - ry, tell the sto - ry; Can you
 Tell the sto - ry, tell the sto - ry;

clear and plain, un - bro - ken and com - plete, Blessed sto - ry of a Sav - ior's love.
 way that ev - 'ry soul may un - der - stand, Tell the sto - ry of a Sav - ior's love.
 not or wait a more con - ven - ient day, Tell the sto - ry of a Sav - ior's love.
 hope to reap if you re - fuse to sow? Tell the sto - ry of a Sav - ior's love.

CHORUS.

Weary one, toil on till the work is done And the whole world joins the hosts above;

Till the angels echo back the sweet refrain, Tell the story of a Sav - ior's love.

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The Elder Brother's Share.

E. L. Thompson.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O - ver the world a call to arms is sound-ing; Bat-tles are
2. He is a friend, al-might-y, ev - er liv - ing, Touched with the
3. Sad heart, be still; now cease thy faith-less sigh-ing For ev - 'ry
4. Look on, the reap - ers in the field are toil - ing: While it is

rag - ing round us ev - 'ry - where: Right must pre - vail, for
feel - ing of our grief and care; Sav - ior a - lone, we
sor - row thou art called to bear; Thy Lord is wait - ing,
day, go, take thy sta - tion there; Be true till death, then

in this ho - ly war - fare Christ always takes The El - der Brother's share.
do not need an - oth - er, Of pain he had The El - der Brother's share.
wait - ing still to car - ry O'er all the way The El - der Brother's share.
in the res - ur - rec - tion, Thou shalt with Christ, The El - der Broth - er share.

CHORUS.

Fight - ing or reap - ing, or bear - ing the cross, Re - joic - ing o'er

vic - to - ry, weep - ing o'er loss - What - ev - er we pass thro', the

The Elder Brother's Share. Concluded.

Lord will be there To strengthen and help us by tak - ing a share.

Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman.

Melody in 1st Bass; all other parts subdued.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on! I loved to
3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home! Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet! I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And in the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene! One step - enough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years.
an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

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W. A. O.

W. A. Ogden.

1. "He is a - ble to de - liv - er," Sing the joy - ful strain; "He is
2. He is a - ble to de - liv - er From the chains of sin; He is
3. He is a - ble to de - liv - er From the foe - man strong; He is

a - ble to de - liv - er," Tell it out a - gain; "He is a - ble to de -
a - ble to de - liv - er, Shout the joy - ful strain; He is a - ble to de -
a - ble to de - liv - er, All the jour - ney long; He is a - ble to de -

liv - er" All that come to him in faith; He is a - ble to de -
liv - er, See how pa - tient - ly he stands; He is a - ble to de -
liv - er, Trust him bold - ly, nev - er fear; He is a - ble to de -

CHORUS.

liv - er E - ven un - to death. A - - - ble to de -
liv - er Thee with will - ing hands.
liv - er; Let the na - tions hear. A - ble to de - liv - er, he is

liv - er, A - - - ble to de - liv - er, He is
a - ble to de - liv - er, A - ble to de - liv - er, he is a - ble to de - liv - er.

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a - - - ble to de - liv - er All that come to him in faith.
A - ble to de - liv - er, he is a - ble to de - liv - er

James Rowe.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm tossed a - bout by wave and wind, On life's up - heav - ing sea;
2. Tho' high - er still the wa - ters roll, And winds more an - gry be,
3. I've proved my Pi - lot o'er and o'er, And well I know that he,

Yet, in my soul no fear I find, For Je - sus pi - lots me.....
No tho't of fear shall thrill my soul, For Je - sus pi - lots me.....
Thro' ev - 'ry storm, to heav - en's shore, Will safe - ly pi - lot me.....
pi - lots me.

CHORUS.

He pi - lots me,..... Yes, Je - sus pi - lots me;.....
He pi - lots me, he pi - lots me, pi - lots me;

rit.
And some glad morn, be - yond the storm, The home - land I shall see.

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Abide in Me.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - bide in me! The path I tread is drear - y; My trem - bling
2. A - bide in me, for I can bear and suf - fer The heav - y
3. A - bide in me! For me thy words were spo - ken; E'en as the

foot - steps can-not keep the way; The dark - ness floods my soul till
strain, and, bravely press - ing on In sweet con - tent, do all things
branch a - bid - eth in the vine, So would I live and cling to

sick and wear - y, Of hope be - reft, I scarce can think or pray. A -
life may of - fer, With Christ enthroned and self de - posed and gone. A -
thee un - bro - ken, To bear the fruits of peace and love di - vine. A -

bide in me! I know that thou hast trav - eled The thorn - y road of
bide in me! The years are dark be - hind me; With bro - ken vows and
bide in me! The dark - ness falls a - round me! I dare not move with -

Abide in Me. Concluded.

life un - to the grave; Its ev - 'ry step and turn thou hast discovered; From
tasks left all un - done From dawn till night, the fleeting hours remind me; O -
out thee by my side, For sure - ly doubt and shadow would confound me, Ex -

CHORUS.
foes that seek to harm me thou canst save. A - bide in me, a - bide in me,
fix my tho't up - on the great white throne.
cept thou be my Guar - dian and my Guide. A - bide in me,

O Light un - fail - ing! O Love that cheers the rugged way, O Love that
O Light un - fail - ing! O Love that cheers the rug -

cres.
cheers the rug - ged way; O'er pride and sin and self
ged way; O'er all my pride and sin and self, O'er sin and

ff dim. e rit.
pre - vail - ing, In mer - cy guide Un - til the break of day.
self pre - vail - ing, Oh, in mer - cy guide me, guide Till break of day.

Pilgrim Chorus.

Jennie Ree.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. As pil-grims we, a loy-al band, Are marching
2. As pil-grims here we have no home, Our rest-ing-

Are marching thro' Im-man-uel's land; Tho' days be dark,
thro' Im-man-uel's land; Tho' days be dark, place is yet to come;
place is yet to come; But some glad day, and winds may blow,
and winds may blow, We fear no ill, we dread no the mist will rise,
the mist will rise, And we shall gain our Par-a-foe, we dread no foe.
Je-ho-vah leads the way be-fore us, Je-ho-vah leads the way be-fore us,
Je-ho-vah leads the way be-fore us, What need we be-side His cloud by day and fire by
What need we be-side His cloud by day and fire by nev-er fail-ing, His cloud by day and fire by

Pilgrim Chorus. Concluded.

night, our constant guide? The wa-ters shall di-vid, the
Un-a-vail-ing, The wa-ters shall di-vid, the moun-tains shall give way,
moun-tains shall give way, And we by faith al-read-y hail the
at his or-der, break-ing of the day! We be-hold a-far the gold-en day!
break-ing of the day! We be-hold a-far the gold-en day! We, in its beau-ty be-hold a-far the gold-en day!
We, in its beau-ty be-hold a-far the gold-en day! 'Twill not be long,
'Twill not be long, A sigh, a song, A sigh, a song, And we shall stand
And we shall stand A ran-somed pil-grim band A ran-somed band in Im-man-u-el's land.

E. E. Rexford.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

INTRODUCTION.

Baritone.

1. O great, O aw - ful Judgment Day, When heav'n and earth shall pass a-
2. In that last aw - ful day of days, Too late the sin - ner pleads and
3. O soul of mine, be wise, I pray, Fling not one gold - en chance a-

way, And we be - fore God's bar shall stand, With trembling souls on either
prays For par-don when he fa - ces God, Life's record's closed—the path is
way; Do thou thy best as days go by, Live so thou needst not fear to

hand; Fear-ing our bit - ter lot may be To hear the Judg - e's stern de-
trod. No lon-ger mer - cy bends to say, "Re-pent, O way-ward soul, to-
die. Then shalt thou in the Judgment Day Be glad to hear thy Fa - ther

gree, Of aw - ful im - port to each heart, "I know ye not—depart, de-part."
day;" Remorse will whisper in his ear, "God called thee but thou wouldst not hear."
say—"Well done!"—what words could sweeter be? "Dwell thou henceforth with mine and me."

CHORUS.

O soul of mine, in that great day, When heav'n and

earth shall pass a - way, May this thy Judg - - -

e's sen-tence be— "At my right hand's a place for

The Judgment Day. Concluded.

thee, At my right hand's a place for thee."

rit.

121 At Eventide.

Edna Jacques.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The night comes down, and I am all a-lone Up-on life's troubled sea,
2. Thedaylight comes, and then the cares of life, The things that tempt me sore,
3. And still a-long the stormy way I walk, Be ev-er near my side;

But storms nor dark can make my heart afraid, For I am safe with thee.
But thro' the day I know that thou art near—I'm safe for-ev-er-more!
And when the night comes down, O God, be there With me at e-ven-tide.

But storms nor dark can make my heart afraid, For I am safe with thee.
But thro' the day I know that thou art near—I'm safe for-ev-er-more!
And when the night comes down, O God, be there With me at e-ven-tide.

But storms nor dark can make my heart afraid, For I am safe with thee.
But thro' the day I know that thou art near—I'm safe for-ev-er-more!
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And when the night comes down, O God, be there With me at e-ven-tide.

But storms nor dark can make my heart afraid, For I am safe with thee.
But thro' the day I know that thou art near—I'm safe for-ev-er-more!
And when the night comes down, O God, be there With me at e-ven-tide.

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INDEX

TITLES IN SMALL CAPITALS. FIRST LINES IN ROMAN

ABIDE IN ME.....	118	How many times, discouraged.....	94
ABLE TO DELIVER.....	116	HOW SHALL I KNOW?.....	32
After is ended the.....	93		
After the pleasures of.....	31		
A LITTLE WHILE.....	81	I HAVE HEARD THEE.....	88
ALL THE WORLD FOR JESUS.....	82	I know not how such love.....	100
AM I WITNESSING?.....	80	I'LL TRUST HIM ALL THE WAY.....	110
A PLACE IN THE RANKS FOR YOU.....	46	I'll walk in the pathway.....	26
Are you tenting on the lowlands.....	65	I LOVE HIM.....	107
Arouse, ye Christian Soldiers.....	46	I'm a pilgrim.....	8
Art thou weary.....	111	I'm tossed about by wave.....	117
A SOUL IS COMING HOME.....	83	I NEED THEE, LORD.....	7
A sound in the tops of the.....	44	IN THE LOVE OF CHRIST.....	4
As Pilgrims we.....	119	It costs us but a breath.....	64
AT EVENTIDE.....	121	It is only a child.....	21
		I TOLD HIM THE OLD, OLD STORY.....	86
		I WOULD GIVE MY LOVE.....	24
		I would give thee, Lord.....	24
Behold! what manner of.....	42		
Be strong to toil in the.....	19	JESUS PILOTS ME.....	117
Bethlehem, Calvary, Olivet.....	72	Just as he wills.....	79
BROAD IS THE OPENING FIELD.....	103	JUST AS MY FATHER WILLS.....	79
By faith behold a.....	98	Just one tender lamb was.....	78
By the Jericho Road.....	81		
		KEEP TENTING TOWARD THE HIGHLANDS.....	65
CALVARY.....	98	KEEP THE SAVIOR WITH YOU.....	71
CAN THE MASTER COUNT ON YOU?.....	99	KEEP UP THE FIGHT.....	52
Christian, is Life's Morning.....	36		
CHRIST OR BARABBAS?.....	28	LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.....	115
Christ the Lord shall reign.....	60	LIVE IN SUNSHINE.....	10
Come, look on the King.....	97	LOYAL HEARTS, MARCH ON.....	14
COME, THOU FOUNT.....	95		
Coming when the day is.....	75	MINE THE CROSS.....	35
CONSECRATION HYMNS.....	43	MORNING, NOON AND EVENING.....	39
CREATION.....	66	MOVE FORWARD.....	40
CROWN HIM KING.....	60	MY PLEA.....	51
CROWN HIM TO-DAY.....	97	MY SAVIOR IS NEAR ME.....	57
Daylight is Past.....	92	NEVER ALONE.....	94
Dear brother, on life's.....	5	No matter how hard.....	112
Dear flag of our Country.....	18	NO SHADOWS YONDER.....	9
DEATH AND ETERNITY.....	75	NOTHING BUT LEAVES.....	25
DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.....	5	No welcome gave a.....	11
EARTH IS NOT ALL.....	74	O daughter of Zion, awake.....	16
ETERNITY.....	45	O'er life's ocean swiftly.....	13
Fading away like the stars.....	54	Of the Savior and His.....	113
FAREWELL; BUT FOR A WHILE.....	33	O GIFT DIVINE.....	34
Followers of Jesus.....	70	O great, O awful judgment.....	120
"Follow Me," rings out.....	38	O, SUCH WONDERFUL LOVE.....	67
FOLLOW ON.....	38	O, sweet the words.....	37
FOREVER AND FOREVER.....	59	ONLY A CHILD.....	21
FORGIVENESS.....	37	ONLY ONE STEP.....	22
From Egypt's cruel bondage.....	49	ON TO THE FIGHT.....	23
Full oft I have said it.....	80	O, the GOOD WE MAY DO.....	58
		O, the great love.....	67
GLORIOUS PATHWAY.....	26	OUR CAUSE IS JUST.....	105
GOD CALLS FOR MEN.....	15	Our Father's God, to thee.....	43
GOD'S LOVE IN MY SOUL.....	73	OUR SAVIOR.....	11
Gone from my heart.....	107	Over the world a call.....	114
GUIDE ME EVER.....	63		
		HALL to our nation's banner.....	102
Hall to our nation's banner.....	102	Hark, hark the voice.....	66
Hark, hark the voice.....	66	Hark to the trumpet.....	23
Hark to the trumpet.....	23	Have you heard of Jesus.....	89
Have you heard of Jesus.....	89	Hear what the Lord hath.....	108
Hear what the Lord hath.....	108	HEAVEN IS HOME.....	42
HEAVEN IS HOME.....	42	HE DIED FOR ME.....	106
HE DIED FOR ME.....	106	HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME.....	100
HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME.....	100	He is able to deliver.....	116
He is able to deliver.....	116	HELP TO CARRY THE GOOD NEWS ON.....	89
HELP TO CARRY THE GOOD NEWS ON.....	89	HE MAY NEVER PASS THIS WAY AGAIN.....	76
HE MAY NEVER PASS THIS WAY AGAIN.....	76	He stood just outside my.....	104
He stood just outside my.....	104	He was burdened with age.....	86
He was burdened with age.....	86	HOMEWARD BOUND.....	30
HOMEWARD BOUND.....	30		
		PILGRIM CHORUS.....	119
		PILOT OF GALILEE.....	92
		QUIT YOU LIKE MEN.....	19
		RALLY ROUND THE STANDARD.....	56
		REMEMBERED.....	54
		REMEMBER ME, O MIGHTY ONE.....	41
		Rejecting soul, sad is thy.....	59
		SAFE IN JESUS.....	47
		SECRET PRAYER.....	53
		SEEKING THE LOST.....	96

INDEX—Continued

See, the conquering hero comes.....	3	THE WORLD NEEDS YOU.....	64
See the patient Savior.....	28	There are times when a word.....	58
SEND THE MESSAGE.....	17	There's a city built.....	20
SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL.....	6	There's a conflict on with the.....	52
Sinner, some one is coming.....	76	There's a little brown house.....	84
SOMEBODY MUST.....	12	There's a place in the ranks.....	99
Some one must struggle.....	12	THERE'S ONLY ONE.....	29
Sometime, somewhere my toll.....	85	THERE THEY CRUCIFIED HIM.....	50
SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW.....	85	THINE FOREVER.....	109
SPEAK A WORD FOR JESUS.....	110	THINKING TO-NIGHT.....	77
SPEED AWAY! SPEED AWAY!.....	87	This world is not a place.....	10
STAND FIRM.....	62	Thou, Lord of this vain.....	48
Stand for the right.....	14	TRUST IN GOD AND PERSEVERE.....	36
STAND LIKE CALEB.....	61		
SURRENDER NOT.....	68	WEIGHED AND WANTING.....	69
Sweet Secret Prayer.....	53	We meet in loving.....	33
		WE'RE ON THE WAY TO CANAAN'S LAND.....	46
TELL THE STORY.....	113	WHAT A SAVIOR IS MINE.....	72
THE ANSWER.....	111	WHAT DID IT MEAN?.....	90
THE ARMY OF NO RETREAT.....	55	What hast thou done.....	17
The bells of heaven are.....	83	WHAT THEN?.....	31
THE CALL FOR REAPERS.....	16	WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?.....	70
THE CITY BUILT ON HIGH.....	20	When cherished joys have.....	7
THE CONQUERING HERO COMES.....	3	When the foe is pressing.....	68
THE ELDER BROTHER'S SHARE.....	114	When the judge shall.....	69
THE FLAG OF THE FREE.....	18	When the love of the lord.....	73
THE FLAG WE LOVE THE BEST.....	102	When the mighty sea is.....	47
THE JERICHO ROAD.....	81	When the waves of temptation.....	2
THE JUDGMENT DAY.....	120	When the storms around are.....	41
THE LIGHTHOUSE.....	2	WHERE HE LEADS ME.....	1
THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE.....	84	Where my Savior leads me.....	1
THE LOST SHEEP.....	78	WHITHER BOUND?.....	13
The night comes down.....	121	Why God hath led me.....	110
The order has gone forth.....	40	WHO IS YOUR CAPTAIN?.....	27
THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.....	48	WILL IT BE YOU?.....	93
THE PILGRIM'S SONG.....	8	WONDERFUL POWER OF PRAYER.....	112
THE STRANGER.....	104	WONDROUS GRACE OF GOD.....	108
The thorny crown He bore.....	51	Would you sing each day.....	71
THE TRIUMPH OF JESUS.....	44		
The world is stirred by the.....	55	You who know.....	101

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

Bible.....	86, 87	Heaven.....	8, 9, 20, 30, 42, 85
Christ.....	3, 11, 17, 26, 29, 37, 47, 50, 60, 67, 76, 80, 90, 96, 100, 101, 106, 113, 114, 117	Home.....	84
Christian Life.....	4, 7, 10, 26, 32, 42, 49, 54, 65, 71, 91, 96, 98, 105, 108, 111, 115	Invitation.....	5, 13, 15, 22, 27, 28, 31, 57, 59, 69, 76, 78, 81, 93, 97, 106, 120
Christmas.....	34, 60	Kingdom of Christ.....	3, 4, 15, 22, 98, 111, 117
Confession.....	25, 88	Missionary.....	17, 44, 52, 60, 82, 87
Consecration.....	1, 24, 26, 35, 43, 48	Patriotic.....	18, 102
Courage.....	2, 19, 36, 47, 62, 68, 94	Praise.....	4, 34, 37, 56, 60, 67, 83, 108, 116
Decoration Day.....		Prayer.....	6, 7, 24, 32, 39, 41, 48, 51, 53, 63, 112, 118, 121
Dismissal.....		Temperance.....	44, 105
Duty.....	12, 15, 19, 40, 46, 99	Victory.....	14, 23, 46, 55, 62, 114
Easter.....		Work.....	12, 14, 16, 17, 36, 38, 40, 46, 55, 61, 89, 96, 99, 101, 103, 113
Faith.....	35, 47, 57, 79, 92, 94, 110, 116	Worship.....	11, 29, 43, 44, 66, 97, 106, 109
Funeral.....	9, 33, 74, 110	Young People.....	2, 10, 12, 14, 19, 23, 40, 46, 43, 56, 58, 60, 61, 64, 71, 99, 113
Guidance.....	1, 2, 38, 49, 63, 92, 109, 117		